

# The TATLER

Vol. CLIII. No. 1995.

London  
September 20, 1939



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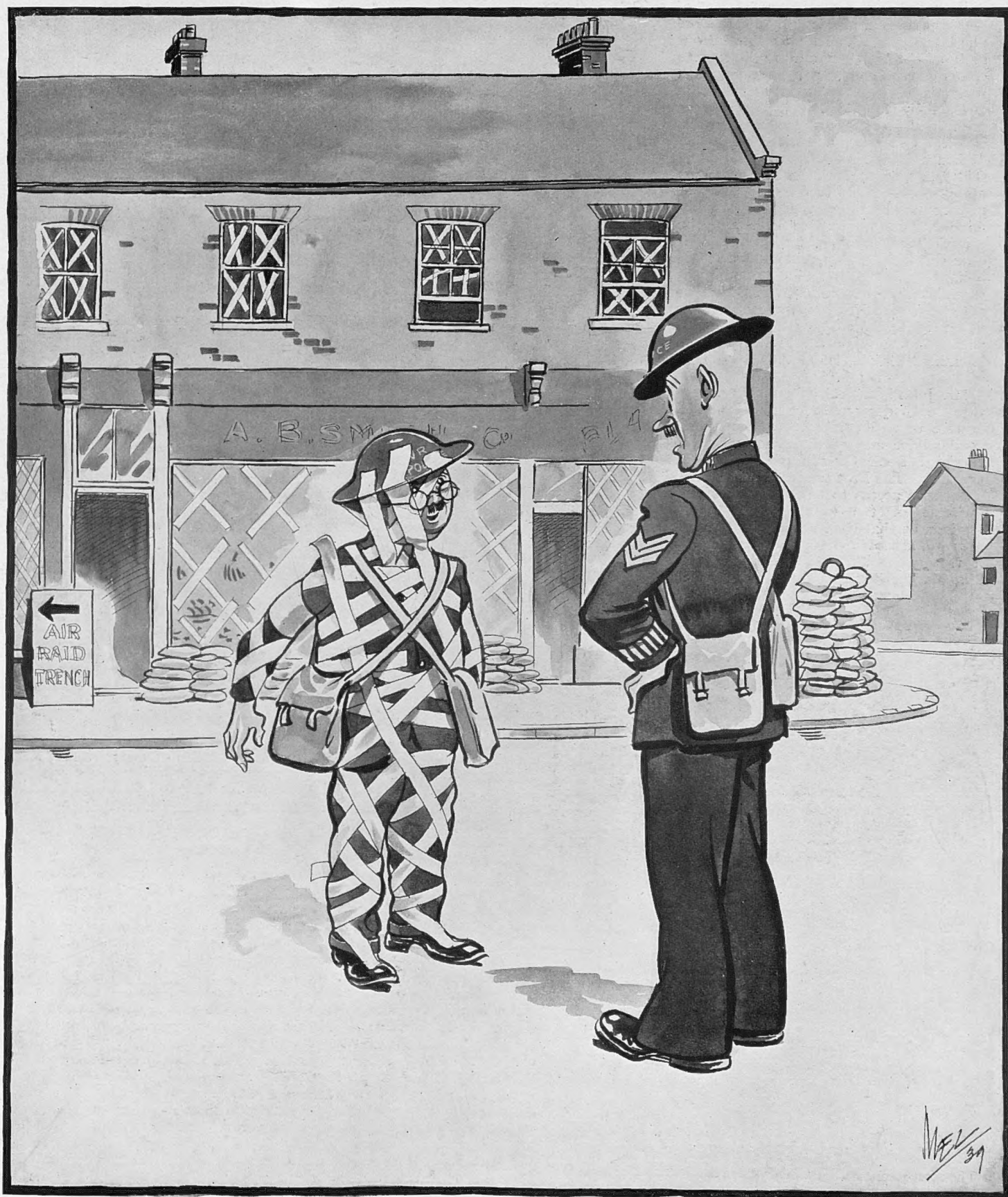
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# The TATTLER

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"What the —?"

"Oh, just to prevent splintering, Sergeant!"



## And the World Said—

"The view taken is everything; and that rests with yourself."—*Marcus Aurelius Antonius.*

**T**HIS war is over-civilized. It shows up our modern materialistic civilization as a childish collection of gadgets, a fantastic hardware store plus laboratory, where domestic inventions such as refrigerators and radio sets to content the cook, rub corners with weapons of destruction and protection devised by the handicraft boys; those grimy-nailed experts who shunned a classical education and the humanities. "Science is the opium of the suburbs," said Yeats, and there is some satisfaction for poets, idealists and other indigent persons in knowing that the gadget-minded, who take pride in being "on the grid" and can mend fuses, repair their own cars and understand Einstein, are obliged by wardens and common sense to wallow in the general, and let it be admitted, beautiful, black-out which puts us back into the cosy circle of lamplight with books, and port, and Dr. Johnson booming "Sir, this is cant."

Mr. John Masefield, whose own adventure books deserve to be re-discovered, advises us to lay in a store of reading; good advice and good publicity for the National Book Council over which he presides. The Poet Laureate adds: "All, still, have access to this treasury of the universe of the mind." The "still" reminds us that the Nazi powers of darkness would *verbieten* our literary heritage if they won. Sir Hugh Walpole gives Miss Marguerite Steen's new novel, which



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON WAR  
WORK AT IVER COTTAGE HOSPITAL

"Coppins," T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent's Buckinghamshire home is very close to the small but highly efficient Cottage Hospital in Iver village. The Duchess of Kent has been busy assisting the hospital staff and many willing workers ever since the declaration of war in making ready for eventualities by preparing dressings and splints



MRS. ANTHONY EDEN

The most recent portrait of the wife of the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs in the War Cabinet whose appointment has caused the German Press to burst into paroxysms of rage. The synchronizing of Mr. Winston Churchill's appointment as First Lord put the coping stone upon things for Germany

contains a generous portrait of himself, a substantial boost, which her sense of character deserves, though hardly her grammar. This successful novelist should stick to suburban settings or learn that a publisher and his wife, whom she describes as "well-bred," are unlikely to preface every sentence of their intimate conversation with "Gosh," or tell the servants "the Master is from home," there being no foxhounds in question. The putting away of some South Sussex hounds, because they were eating what should not now be spared, has brought Mr. Dalgety, the Australian-born joint-Master, considerable publicity in Ireland, where his action was received by the Free State Press as the first definite proof that a war is on. Anything that interferes with hunting and racing seems more monstrous to an Irishman than the worst atrocity. Dublin is now one of the most peaceful capitals in Europe. But appeals for A.R.P. volunteers appeared on postal vans and cinema screens and there was an Irishified A.R.P. rally in which comic traditional figures toured the town along with nurses and doctors—just like a fair! Rome is another city where you would hardly know there is a war. Not one trench has been dug for the inhabitants, or one sandbag padded round the great ruins of antiquity which look more wonderful than ever now that vulgar floodlighting and all artificial lighting is taboo. The inhabitants, who are seeing the beauties of their city in a new light—starlight—are saying they will oppose the return to those garish tricks which were adopted for tourists who expect the Hollywood touch. The Romans are right. By floodlight even Edinburgh Castle looked like a bit of operatic scenery, its whole aura of events and beings from St. Margaret to St. Ives fled

Harlip



in the twinkling, turned off as the main turned on. In spite of "precautions for national safety" some peace time works are being continued in Italy, notably at the Monte del Cappucini, near Turin, where a "Museo della Montagna" is being built and named after the Duke of the Abruzzi. It promises to offer a complete survey of life in the mountain districts, and a beautiful Alpine panorama sweeping from the Brenner to the Riviera, where the Cannes ambulance corps is being run by Barry Dierks and Eric Sawyer, the clever villa architects, among others. Its trustees include Sir "Pom" Burton who was one of "Northcliffe's young men" and is still a crony of the *Daily Mail's* Mr. Ward Price, to whom the Nazi chiefs are known personally. His own chief, Mr. Esmond Harmsworth, is very busy these days behind the presses. The Burton's former Château La Crête was where the Windsors came home from last week; unsung, and without a word of public welcome. They had done a lot to La Crête, including a charming dining-room set painted with a Royal Stuart tartan border to the table, matching H.R.H.'s kilt. The Duchess, a much more sentimental and romantic person than she has been described, had an unusual piece of furniture in her own room there, with some valued souvenirs painted on it, such as a telegram from the Duke and other mementoes.

\* \* \*

Amid the discomforts of travel during General Mobilization in France, hardships were outweighed for ordinary travellers by the dramatic interest of the circumstances. Travellers' tales are circulating in a London quite as strange as the journeys home, though infinitely more comfortable. Captain and Mrs. George Troyte-Bullock (lovely Nina Rathbone) took days and days from the Dalmatian coast and nearly had to go round by Greece, but finally travelled the length of Italy's boot hearing everywhere the same rumour of *Il Duce's* poor health, and the same peaceful point of view. When you return from the Continent people no longer ask the laconic "When did you get back?" without waiting



CRICKETER MARRIES

Another recent wedding has been that of Mr. Maurice Turnbull, the Glamorgan and England cricketer, to Miss Elizabeth Brooke, of Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire. The ceremony was held at Scunthorpe Catholic Church



WAR WEDDING

Miss Margaret Clifton Brown, daughter of Brigadier-General Clifton Brown, became Lady Amherst of Hackney at St. Saviour's Church, Colegate, Sussex, on Thursday last, September 14. Lord Amherst is a Captain in the Blues

for an answer, but "How did you get back?" with considerable show of interest and disposition to listen to the saga. Here's mine. I took the first train from Biarritz on which ordinary passengers, as opposed to mobilized men, were allowed. It left at four in the morning and we were told "*les militaires*" had the right to put us

out at any station if the train became overcrowded. As this was the fourth dawn of mobilization we were guaranteed to get as far as Dax, which is like saying Harrow to him who is making for Inverness. There were no porters, so most of the luggage had to be abandoned for the duration. The starlit start was very "Prisoner in Fairyland"; all quiet but for the platform tramping of three grey-haired officers, one of whom remarked that he had had his boots made in London. "Let's hope they keep the water out," said *le colonel*



WAR WORKER

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie is Vice-President of the Marylebone division of that magnificent organization, the British Red Cross. She is seen in uniform leaving her house at Regent's Park, which is now a centre of Red Cross activity

Tunbridge

gloomily, and "Let's hope the English have already arrived," said the other. (They had but no one knew it.) "No, let's first of all hope the Germans have revolted," said the elderly owner of the boots, with the headlong gaiety of a schoolboy.

*Le train omnibus* moved towards

the first twenty, thirty, perhaps a hundred little stations between Biarritz and Bordeaux. *Les mobilisés* joined the train at every stop. At little country halts there were only two or three; sometimes, as at Dax, two or three hundred, each with his kit and his neatly-packed *déjeuner*, a bottle of red wine heading out of the parcel. It was in the *petit pays* which is not even a village, that the sadness of the moment hung like morning mist about the trees. Mothers and wives, a few children, a big boy not old enough to be called, and an old Methuselah, would stand transfixed, gazing after the long train as it rumbled away, carrying their hearts; their men. In the train the mobilized did not argue politics chirpily, as is the Frenchman's way, they just sat with their sombre, resolute thoughts, and some did not dare look out of the window to see the last of their own particular *bourgade*. The Frenchman loves his country as no other man loves his. That love is bound up with being a countryman or the descendant of a countryman; it includes his love for the free-thinking of France, his pride in her continuing glory, his delight in his *foyer* and his confidence in himself. And loving his country to this extent, he is always ready to rescue, defend and guide her destiny, however great the personal wrench. It is very great now, coming so soon after the last War, fought in vain.



## And the World said—

Total mobilization from the word go indicated the fight would be carried to the end. *Les militaires* asked themselves and the carriage in general how the farms would carry on with only women and children to do all the heavy work. In *Quatorze* a certain number of peasants were left; in *Trente-neuf* no distinction has been made, but doubtless some will be released later for this essential occupation. It was afternoon before we got to a confused, blue-shaded Bordeaux where the buffet was down to three of yesterday's *croissants*, after provisioning hundreds of people *en route* for the Landes, a lonely region connected with *crimes passionnels* on a grand scale, and with the novels of M. Francois ("Genetrix") Mauriaux whose "*Asmodée*" was a *succès d'estime* this London season, translated by Sir Basil Bartlett as "*The Intruder*," and superlatively acted by Mrs. Pitt-Rivers (Mary Hinton) among others. There was a long wait, maybe two hours, maybe four. I read that brilliant post-War *postiche*—"La *Fin de Chéri*"—and immersed in its *cafard* just managed not to look at a train full of lunatics—"the only people who ought

not to be evacuated," said the only railway official in sight. This war-time journey in France, without a single ticket collector for three days, was the antithesis of a peace-time journey in Germany when they took tickets every three miles. At Angoulême the train alongside us was all cattle-trucks packed with fair-haired children from the eastern frontier, women and old men with their humble packages. A bearded priest accompanying them told us it was the fifth day of journeying. Tomorrow they hoped to be in their new homes. The children were tired and dirty from lying in the straw, but remarkably well. We went over to hear their Alsatian *patois* and offer chocolate, so maybe that's how the fleas got us. It was a jumpy night, the carriage wedged with humanity, including an elderly man who might have been a *notaire* out of Balzac. Alighting in the gloaming he addressed the slumbering soldiers "*Courage, mes enfants*," and to us made a ceremonial bow which was a feat in the sable circumstances. There was a good deal of rowdiness at Blois by those who had of wine partaken to soften the sorrows of departure. Our chivalrous companions protested, "Shut up, we have a little English boy in here sleeping like an angel." Imagine the retort.

Jogging on to Orléans coffee was off, we could only get bread and ham, and thankful for it. The middle of another perfect summer's day (just like September *Quatorze* they said) found us in a siding at "d'Austerlitz" instead of the Quai d'Orsay, hauling the remaining luggage five hundred yards to the boulevard's brink. Midway the guns began, a good two minutes before the sirens, and high, away to the north-east, were three planes, nationality unknown. Everybody had gas masks in long tin biscuit boxes—as I told you in April, the Parisian model is *très chic*. A warden, in white overall, pushed us into the Métro, where another arrested us for not having a gas mask. I explained that indeed we do possess this essential accessory to civilized life, but in London. The crowd

was ordered down to platforms. There were plenty of wardens, and less Gallic flutter than might be expected, but I can think of less odiferous places to spend a *mauvais quart d'heure*. When it was almost unbearably full the ticket collector remarked in sepulchral tones, "and now they will bring in the casualties"—but to serve his pessimism right the "all clear" blew, and up every one bobbed, bags, babies and all, for most of these poor souls were on their way from one station to another, evacuating. The London papers had said the evacuation of Paris was completed with the utmost calm a week before! The rest is a chronicle of weary struggles for taxis and weary waits, first for a train to Boulogne where we knew the luxury of beds, soap and water, and then for a Channel boat on which life-belts were the captain's orders, to the delight of the little English boy who, incidentally, enjoyed the Paris air alarm enormously. When I mentioned on this page that cocoa in the basement during Great War raids was fun and games to my generation, Mr. Philip Page wrote indignantly to the effect that I was wantonly glorifying war. I merely said what was true then and is evidently true now; children enjoy an "adventure" without sensing

the possibility of danger. May it ever be so, and may all our dear children be protected from brutal realities. England seemed amazingly remote from war after what we had seen on the way. Porters at Folkestone and teas in the Pullman seemed too posh to be true. The first sight of the safety balloons, the cotton-wool voiced B.B.C. announcers, the sensation-proofed Press, the blackout by Dickens out of Aldous Huxley (which could not disguise Lord Tennyson in uniform, tripping out of White's) was wonderfully soothing. So was Claridge's, where Sir Hugh Seely disappeared into a lift, also wearing what the last war called khaki. Mr. Ian Campbell sat resting in the deserted hall, after his nightly beat as an



H. M. Till

THE WOODROFFE-HAMBRO WEDDING AT BEMBRIDGE

The bridegroom was Mr. Jack Woodroffe, only son of Brigadier-General C. R. Woodroffe, of North Wells, Bembridge, and the bride, Miss Patricia Hambro, daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. V. Hambro, of Shirley House, Wimborne, Captain Hambro being the Member for Dorsetshire (N.). Like many other weddings of the moment it took place quietly and speedily. The names in the group are, l. to r.: Captain and Mrs. Hambro, the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Norman Philips (the best man), and Brigadier-General and Mrs. Woodroffe

A.R.P. warden. He is waiting to rejoin his hereditary Highland regiment, while his beautiful wife (who has a look of the Duchess of Kent, with whom she was at finishing school) waits at Biarritz with the baby who will one day be a Duke of Argyll. All this waiting and dividing of families is hard on the nerves, but are we downhearted? The answer is in the engagement and wedding columns, choc-a-bloc with those who believe in a happy future. Two weddings due early in October are those of lively Miss "Biddy" Lloyd to Richard St. John Quarry, and Miss "Connie" Lopes, youngest of Lord Roborough's four sisters, to Mr. Marcus Cheke, the clever Press Attaché at Lisbon (by the way, Lord Chichester, "charmer John" has been doing enlightened work of a similar nature at Amsterdam).

THE TATLER will be pleased and grateful to receive from readers at home and abroad, interesting photographs of personalities or events. Jokes which are, or can be, illustrated dealing with the humorous side of the present unhappy struggle will also be welcomed. All material accepted will be liberally paid for, and should be addressed to: The Editor, THE TATLER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts.



## WOMEN SPRING TO ATTENTION



THE HON. MRS. MAURICE LUBBOCK,  
COMMANDANT OF A CHELSEA FIRST AID POST



STANDING-TO IN CHELSEA: MISS JOAN BUTLER, MRS. CYRIL MARTINEAU,  
MRS. LIONEL GIBBS, MRS. MARIE SAMUELSON AND MISS ANGELA VICKERS



A BANDAGING DEMONSTRATION: L. to R., MRS. GEORGE BENNETT, MRS. H. MILMO,  
MISS JEAN MARTINEAU, MRS. GEORGE EVERETT AND MISS CAROLINE CLIVE



OFF DUTY: MISS JEAN MARTINEAU, MISS CAROLINE  
CLIVE AND MISS EILEEN MOONEY. (BELOW) MRS.  
HAROLD PRICE AND MRS. MARK PILKINGTON

In whatever department of National Service the women of Britain are engaged they are pulling every ounce of their weight—and then some! The pictures on this particular page deal with Red Cross work, at a first aid post commanded by the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock, who is an aunt by marriage of Lord Avebury. Mrs. Harold Price, who is in the picture at the bottom, is one of the section leaders at this post, where, from all that has been heard, all hands had to work like charwomen and furniture movers combined before things were got into the shipshape order in which they now are







PATRICIA MORRISON

This attractive Paramount star, who made her reputation in *Persons in Hiding*, the exciting real-life gangster film taken from G-man chief J. Edgar Hoover's book about the work of his department, will next be seen in *I'm From Missouri*, to be generally released on September 25. Bob Burns heads the cast, and Gladys George has a leading part in the story

IT is extraordinary how we value the little things of life. I once visited New York, and it was, I suppose, a grand occasion. The trip took a month, including the voyage there and back. I was enormously impressed, and when I got back to this country I thought I should never be happy again. For a fortnight I had a tremendous nostalgia for America. And then quite suddenly that country passed from my mind, and I have hardly thought of her again. Except when she has sent me a play to like, or some Hollywood imbecility to laugh at. When my mind strays out of London, which is not often, one might suppose that I should think about the one and only important journey I have ever undertaken. But, no! I think instead of some little jaunt to some place where there has been a horse show. Or of a weekend spent at some little cock-eyed English watering-place.

I do not mind that for the moment Hitler prevents me from journeying to and fro upon the Atlantic. My nose is wedded to the grindstone, and any disporting of myself upon that broad bosom would be an occasion strictly unlawful. What I do bitterly resent is that I can no longer go for my weekend at Winkleville. I cannot go because Hitler has deprived me of petrol and filled my familiar seaside bedroom with all kinds of strangers who needed no hint to evacuate themselves. These are unforgivable things. By the same line of argument I am prepared to dispense with opera, with concerts, and with ballet. The operatic part of the business I can reproduce on my gramophone, and the same goes for nearly all symphonies and concertos. If I can't go to the ballet I can still remember the good laughs I have had at it! Here again I can turn up the wonderful books about the ballet written by Mr. Haskell and Mr. Heppenstall and other saltatory scribes. I can look at the pictures with which they inform exquisite absurdity. I can again realize that when Miss Markova points her *right* toe at Mr. Dolin she is telling him that "Eternity is in their lips and eyes, Bliss in their brows' bent." On the other hand, if it is the *left* toe she is reminding him of the time when he was a king in Babylon

# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## The Indispensable Screen

and she was a Christian slave. I can at a pinch endure the state of not being able to go to the theatre. For I have a full memory, and in addition will confess to the vanity of having kept all my own dramatic criticisms as well as everybody else's. By the way, has anybody ever noticed an odd little touch of insincerity in the great C. E. Montague who writing about dramatic criticisms penned late at night says: "What sorry gush and rant they must appear if one were to read them again in the morning!" But *of course* he read his stuff again in the morning! I do not believe that the human being exists who can refrain from looking at his handiwork.

Yes, at a pinch I can do without the theatre. And for the same reason that Mr. Ernest Newman gives for not being miserable if he could never attend another concert: I can give myself one in my head. But the films are another matter. They are part of the little things of life which one cherishes so deeply. Recently it has given me a kind of ironic pleasure to walk about the world and realize that a quite considerable fraction of its population is engaged in the frantic production of something utterly unimportant. What would Jonathan Swift have thought, and what would he have written about a mental outlook which regards the photographing of a thing as more important than the thing itself? This is the age of machines, and machines only work when their mechanisms pursue the most perfect logic. I think Swift could have found savour in the fact that while his machines pursue this logic the man who makes them treads the path of wild unreason. I know a man who has no interest in boxing and has never attended a boxing match, yet who when a fight is broadcast sits before his set in a trance with eyes bent on vacancy. I know another man who does exactly the same thing with regard to football. And I who have never been near Wimbledon found myself one day this summer listening to how Miss Battledore ran Fräulein Schüttelkoch off her legs! Similarly I have known people who take no interest whatever in the news fasten on to a news-reel at the cinema with maximum avidity. What is the point of all this?—the reader may ask. Simply, I repeat, that the age is more interested in the recording, wirelessly, photographing, and televising of an event than in the event itself. I regard this as an imbecility which, in so far as I am myself a film-goer, I must be held to condone.

Now, I do not mind Hitler interfering with the major things of my life. I do not like the possibility of being bombed or poisoned or drowned. These things are too big for resentment. But I should resent it very much if he could deprive me of my particular brand of tobacco, to go unshaven or wear the same shirt for three weeks. And I do most distinctly resent the temporary inability to indulge a harmless fancy for the pictures. I have never been to Barking, which is said to be pleasant by moonlight. I have never to my knowledge passed through Streatham, except perhaps furtively in a motor car. The charms of Tottenham and of Hayes have hitherto eluded me, though I doubt not their existence. But I foresee in the near future, trains and buses being willing, making many a sally into these pleasant purlieus. And there I have no doubt I shall find Miss Jessie Matthews goo-gooing as golluptuously as formerly in the West End. And Mr. George Formby exercising whatever talent it is that the cinema-going world finds so all-compelling. I do not think that the screen is a thing of major importance. But I attach the greatest possible importance to the ability to indulge our fancy for it. Though the censor may prevent us from knowing what is happening in the Great War, it is unbearable that we should remain in ignorance of Miss Dorothy Lamour's latest sarong. Though we may be left in doubt about who is overthrowing whom in one hemisphere, it is unthinkable that we should cease to be apprised of Hollywood's major turmoils. In this kind of arithmetic I can wait to know what Hitler is going to do next. But I must know at once all there is to be known about Garbo's new comedy.





*Bassano, Dover Street*

### THE COUNTESS EDWARD RACZYŃSKI, WIFE OF THE POLISH AMBASSADOR, AND HER CHILDREN

The youngest of their Excellencies' three little daughters arrived on June 1 of this year. The names of the family are: Wanda, Vividian and Katherine. Count Edward Raczyński, who is forty-seven, was appointed to his present post in November, 1934, and the sympathy and admiration of nine-tenths of the civilized world are wholly with his gallant country in the heroic fight she is putting up against heavy odds. Poland is not alone and she will be supported by her allies until this present wrong is righted. The Countess Edward Raczyński was before her marriage Miss Cecile Jaroszyński





MRS. RONALD CROSS AND HER CHILDREN

Tunbridge

Mr. Ronald Hibbert Cross has been the sitting Member for Rosendale, Lancashire, since 1931 and Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade since 1938. He has now been appointed Minister of Economies for Warfare—a very important unit in our great fighting machine and probably one that may have a decisive effect. Mr. Cross is by profession a merchant banker. Mrs. Cross is the elder daughter of the late Mr. Walter Green Emmott and Mrs. Emmott of Emmott Hall, Colne, Lancashire

MY last was written during one of London's air raid warnings, a modern fiery cross, which caused elderly gentlemen with hang-overs, in such far-flung outposts of Empire as Edinburgh, to descend the cellar steps six at a time in the wake of their shed bedroom slippers. One cannot but admire the discipline of the "Fannys." One of these after fourteen hours continuous work was rudely awakened after two hours sleep and ordered to the dugout. Staggering down the cold, stone stairs of the outside fire escape staircase, her stockings down over her shoes, her tunic, as Victoria Cross would say, "almost showing what it sought to conceal," carrying in one hand a tin of biscuits and the other a torch, she met her superior. That dignitary looking rather like Göbbels in pince-nez arrested her in full flight. "Simpson," she barked, "carry your gas mask in the 'ready' position." "Very good, mum," replied the junior, saluting with her tin full of Abernethy's as well as she could, but as she passed on down the stairs a noise that no tearing stocking could have made floated up in her wake. In our own shelter they seemed a very friendly and respectable lot of people, but on second thoughts I put away my "deck of broads," for remarkably few men carry any money worth talking about in their pyjamas, and in this uncertain age credit is an exploded theory.

One thing came as a great shock to me, as a bachelor. Having always regarded women as pink velvet affairs surmounted with a mass of women's "crowning glory," it was odd to find so many at 6.30 a.m. were really battleship grey shagreen surmounted by a mass of material resembling "near Nutria." Meanwhile, in the most praiseworthy spirit, every one is doing his bit, and not the least of hardships is the taking

# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

in of those families who are mannerless, ungrateful, and possess all the ripe aroma of a basket of pups. One girl, beautiful, faultlessly turned out with her nails of just *the* right shade of colour between London and muck spreading, called in person at a lovely home to take the occupants to the country. "Gawd blimey!" exclaimed the astonished matron who had got the whole thing the wrong way round. "We don't 'ave to take *you* in, do we?"

Every one one sees has joined up for something, and just as Dan Leno wished to play Hamlet, so every one sees himself in rôles which no freak of nature could have designed for him. Landscape gardeners join the Tank Corps, rugby footballers who have to sign their name with a cross apply for work in the censor's office, Dresden china women drive five-ton lorries, while those of the Olympic type wield an iodine swab like a niblick in heavy sand. I have two personal friends, one of whom has avoided imprisonment and the rope through my enforced silence for reciprocal reasons. Appearing in a haze of red tabs, brassières, brassards and whatnots he has established himself as A.P.M. or head policeman of some large organization, and what he and his Gestapo will do is nobody's business. The other has a liaison job on the strength of his knowledge of French. "Bonko, sweevee and olee."

A cavalry officer rejoined after many years, was warmly welcomed by his colonel. "Just the man we want," he said, "someone who knows something about the game."

"But I know nix," replied the grey-headed subaltern.

"Never seen a tank in my life."

"Nearly everything's the same," replied the colonel. "If you sent a patrol out it got lost, so does a tank. There's only one thing you'll find hard. If a horse was sick it showed it, but a tank may have its magneto in the grave and it just looks exactly the same."

Newmarket, which I visited over the weekend, seems a very quiet place. Strings of horses are reduced to three or four, the rest are turned out or shot. Moderate horses can't be given away, and every one of non-military age is waiting for a decision on whether there is to be a limited racing programme or not.

Motoring up the Bury road a familiar figure I have never failed to see, bowler-hatted, immaculate and umbrellaed, was missing. But stay, what is that tortoise moving with such clockwork speed up the path? It is indeed nothing else than an outsize in tin helmets sheltering the dapper person of Otto Madden, who turns out at all hours of the day and night with Bob Adam from over the road, as A.R.P. warden. To many people in Newmarket this war has converted them in one day from earning a working living to destitution earning nothing. A luxury trade or a thriving industry, this town is very hard hit.

\* \* \*

The Waifs and Strays Society will be glad to help reservists or any men or women called upon to do work of national importance and who are having difficulty in providing for their children. The Society already has 4,800 children safely cared for, and is ready to extend its activities in this time of emergency.

Inquiries to Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.



AT NORTH BERWICK

Balmuir

A most refreshing picture at a time like this of Miss Margaret Moncrieff, daughter of Lord Moncrieff, who is a Scottish Lord of Session, and Miss Deane Colvin, daughter of Sir George and Lady Colvin



## RACING IN EIRE: THE NAVAN MEETING



MAJOR EVELYN SHIRLEY, M.F.H.,  
AND HIS WIFE



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ARTHUR BOYD-ROCHFORD AND  
(CENTRE) MR. ERNEST BELLANEY



MICHAEL BEARY AND WIFE ADVANCE  
TO THE FRAY



MRS. DUNNE-CULLINAN  
AND MR. JUSTICE WYLIE



LORD AND LADY HEMPHILL  
SURVEYING THINGS



MRS. RUTLEDGE (OWNER)  
AND MR. JAMES CANTY

Poolc, Dublin

Irish racing carries on, and until things shake down a bit on our side of the sea and we resume, a great many of our own "regulars" are making the trip over the troubled waters to a land still at peace. As this gallery will disclose to "them as knows," most of the celebrities in the Irish racing world were on the premises: prominent breeders of bloodstock, like Captain Arthur Boyd-Rochfort, who got the Cross "For Valour" in the last disagreement we had with Germany, and Mr. Bellaney, who is in the same picture; Masters of hounds, present and past, such as Major Shirley, joint-M.F.H. (Meath), and the redoubtable former Master of the Ward, Mr. Justice Wylie; also here is the wife of the owner of "Mondragon," the colt that won both the Irish Derby and the Ulster Derby this year. He was trained by James Canty, who also trains Mrs. Rutledge's horses. Mr. P. J. Rutledge is Minister for Local Government and Public Health in the new Irish Cabinet



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By PETER TRAILL

WHEN I was a boy and we lived in Bayswater, the district bordering on the park was filled with old ladies, who rustled in black, and retired Army officers, who took their upright frames into Kensington Gardens at regular intervals. Here the sun rose and set upon gentility and, though slums reared their ugly heads and put their fingers to their noses over the pretentious fence raised by the old ladies and the old soldiers, they were ignored as if they didn't exist. Calls were paid more regularly than bills; Sundays were passed in church, whispers and Eton suits, and weekdays in Whiteley's.

I never saw, still less met, that astute Yorkshireman, who started his career as a draper in Westbourne Grove, but I thought about him continually. Did he not provide our home with curtains? My mother with most of the intricacies of her dress? Our kitchen with food? And, above all, myself with toys and books? There seemed to be nothing that Mr. Whiteley could not supply. His beneficence exceeded that of God and appeared to take a more practicable form, for, though one prayed earnestly to the Creator, there was no denying that such prayers which were answered bore the labels of Mr. Whiteley. Quiet and decorous as the district which lapped it, the stone front of Whiteley's looked massively down on its neighbours, and here, at long last, it seemed that man had fulfilled himself.

Suddenly, one day, as I was awaiting the cab which was to take me to school, the quiet was broken by the shrill yapping of newspaper boys. As a rule, they held out a paper in the same dignified manner in which a churchwarden holds out an offertory bag, but that afternoon the generals were shaken at their post-prandial post and the nodding old ladies sat up with a jerk, upset by the running of many feet and the cries, and, after protesting that the district was becoming more like Kensington every day, and that such things could not be tolerated, the old ladies remained wide-eyed while the generals put on their hats and went to investigate. They returned quicker than they left, their protestations forgotten, and excitement, so long a stranger to them, holding them by the arm with the licence of an old friend. Mr. Whiteley had been murdered.

I was stupefied, and inclined to the belief that such a catastrophe would undoubtedly prevent my return to school. It seemed to me that I had a big stake in the whole affair, and that it was my bounden duty to register my sorrow for one who had provided so bountifully for me and my family, by putting on my Eton suit on a weekday and attending Mr. Whiteley's funeral. My mother took the view that I would serve myself, Mr. Whiteley, and Bayswater as a whole, better by returning to school. As I left, the smoke of the shots seemed to drift about the old leather upholstery of my cab, while my playbox rattled lugubriously on the roof with the regular insistence of the raindrops that fall in Chopin's Funeral March. When I returned, the tide of respectability had swept over the ruffled sands, leaving them smooth and expressionless.

Mr. John Woodiwiss and Miss Christine Thomson have included an account of the murder of Mr. Whiteley in their book, "Murder and Sudden Death" (Quality Press; 12s. 6d. net), and the unsavoury details, which were kept from my eyes and ears so long ago, are there set on record. The story is one of twelve others, which

range from the death of William Rufus to that of Michael Collins, and the publishers claim for the book the quality of being different. It is true that the diversity of the contents is somewhat startling, for no one would expect two Williams of so different a hue to be bed-companions under the same cover, but I am afraid that the "dramatic reconstructions," as these stories are further entitled, are not written with the distinction that the subjects warrant.

Mr. Howard Spring's youth was set far apart from Bayswater, and had he chanced to be born there, he and his splendid mother would have lived behind the fence, unnoticed by the old ladies and the generals. In a slim volume, entitled "Heaven Lies About Us" (Constable; 5s. net), he sets down the simple outline of his early life and that of his family during their days in Cardiff. As the title suggests, it is a courageous little tale of a cheerful struggle against adversity, and the writing of it, after success has been won, must have given the author a great deal of satisfaction. It should provide others, who are starting life, as Mr. Spring did, with minute worldly goods, with hope and afford them inspiration. He does not preach; there is humour in the pages and a relish for hard work which, bringing its reward, must have rendered the tough meat of his daily fare palatable. He works for four shillings a week for his five-and-a-half-day

week at the docks; his mother takes in washing; his father is an odd-job gardener. He has two brothers and four sisters. There is no money for amusements, and he doesn't get his first holiday until he is sixteen. Then he goes to Bideford, and he doesn't want to go there again.

People appear to me to be divided into two classes, those who like "to remember the place where they were born" and to let matters rest there, and those who like to satisfy themselves about the difference of the then and now. The former fear that if they move the shield from their bodies they will receive a mortal blow. They see the familiar knight, disillusionment, in all his panoply, and refuse to joust with him, leaving the lists untrodden and the pavilions untenanted. The latter ride in boldly, feeling secure behind the heavy breast-plate

(Continued on page 518)



MISS RUTH ST. DENIS

The autobiography of the famous dancer was published by Messrs. Harrap's on the 14th of this month and should provide exactly the kind of "escape" book for which so many people are looking in times like the present



Pooler, Dublin

## LORD DUNSANY—IRELAND'S FAMOUS POET AND NOVELIST

Lord Dunsany's new novel, "The Story of Mona Sheehy," is being published this month by Heinemann's, in spite of everything that is now happening. When not writing verse and novels, Lord Dunsany busies himself with "crafting" and pottery, and gifts of his "ghouls" are eagerly sought after by his friends and admirers





THE RIVER CHESSE AT BOIS MILL, NEAR CHESHAM, BUCKS



Photos. : J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

THE SUMMIT WREATHED IN CLOUD: THE SNOWDON RANGE FROM ABOVE THE OLD BRIDGE OF GARTH

Can he forbear to join the general smile  
of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
While every gale is peace, and every grove  
is melody?

JAMES THOMSON—"The Seasons"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

of their success. To Mr. Spring I would say that the bridge is still there, even if he fails to find the tree in which he sat all through a summer day.

Just as there are people who fear changes and those who welcome them, so in the choice of books there are readers who want authors to conjure up for them spirits and scenes with which they are familiar and others who, running away from anything which may remind them of their own lives, eagerly seize from the shelves any book which tells them of persons, real or imaginary, who live in countries and undergo experiences far remote from their own. Recently there have been a number of novels published whose background is the American Civil War. Whether "Gone With the Wind" is responsible for the influx I am not prepared to say, but certainly since that remarkable book there has been a revival of interest in this period of American history, and Mr. Maurice Griffiths, in his new book "No Southern Gentleman" (Rich and Cowan; 10s. 6d. net), arrives on what is now tolerably well-known ground, if by an unfamiliar route. His last novel, "Dempster and Son," drew from one critic the criticism that it was thoughtfully put together, and the same may be said about "No Southern Gentleman," but in a novel of adventure I do not think that "thoughtfully" is the adverb which the author should invoke from the reader. It implies a painstaking effort to create an accurate panorama, peopled by characters strongly entrenched in the period. In a novel of the kind which Mr. Griffiths has written, one which contains a fire at sea, two visitations of the plague, a shipwreck, slave-running, showboats, gunboats and paddle-boats, river battles and other episodes which should stir the blood, there should be plenty of excitement; but when the author appears to be striving for accuracy, above all, there flows about the story a cold stream of reason.

I am no authority upon the life of a Southern gentleman, and it may well be that Mr. Griffiths has made mistakes in the manner of his living, but I have a feeling that he has not. The point is that I do not care greatly whether he has or whether he hasn't, so long as he creates an atmosphere in which I can believe. I can certainly believe in his shipwreck, in his old paddle-steamer *Magnolia*, and in the home of the slave owners, the Quillions; but I did not find myself very much concerned by the story of their experiences. Yet one may well ask, what more can one expect in a novel of romance and adventure, even for ten and sixpence, than a couple of doses of Yellow Jack, a war, pride, love, and death? All the bones of the romantic novel are there, but the body is lacking in red corpuscles.

For those, however, who regard inaccuracies of speech or description as blemishes which vitiate a story altogether, and nail their flag to that mast, there will be much

that is pleasing in this story of a doctor of Kent, who goes adventuring because of an unhappy termination to his marriage, and finds himself leaping from the fire at sea into the frying-pan of slave-running; who faces one bout of the plague at the beginning to hail it again at the finish; who buys an old paddle-boat and turns it into a fleet; who fights for the South when he believes in the cause of the North; whose love is caught up in the skeins of two sisters, and who survives to marry a third time the better, if the less attractive, of the two.

Cricket is on its last legs, so far as this country is concerned, until next year, and it is fitting that those who dream about the game when they cannot play it should have something to which they can anchor their dreams. Sir Home Gordon, has provided them with just such a buoy with his new book, "Background to Cricket" (Arthur Barker, Ltd.; 12s. 6d. net). While warmly recommending to all lovers of the game this most readable book by one of its acknowledged leaders, and, incidentally, by a valued contributor in the past to the pages of this paper, the title might have been more aptly chosen. A better label would have been "Cricket Memories," for most of the book is devoted to the author's personal contacts, experiences and recol-

lections, which range over a period of some sixty years. During that time Sir Home Gordon has been in a varying degree almost continuously in close touch with the leading performers and personalities in the game.

Apart from his own mature and very considerable (if not always considerate) judgment, he has spent countless hours in almost daily disputation and collaboration with the most experienced and illustrious cricket professors of the last two or three generations. His appreciation of the finer points and technique of the game is a remarkable tribute not only to his powers of observation, but also to his ability to absorb the sage and enlightened criticisms and comments which he gleaned from his association and friendship with such pre-eminent judges as, for example, Ranji and Perrin, to mention only two of the specialists which he habitually had about him.

A few inaccuracies have crept into the pages, such as creating George Kemp Lord Ellesmere, and transferring "Slug" Marsham's nickname to another Oxonian. However, such slips are minor blemishes in a volume full of recollections and anecdotes, told with great charm. Many of them will be new to readers, as, for instance, the last hours of the great Ranji, but it is difficult to accept without reserve his story of the same prince, whom he accompanied to the Delhi Durbar. Having spent £36,000 on this outing, it seems incredible that Ranji should have been held up for some hours at the station while his staff were mortgaging their stocks to enable him to pay for the cost of his special train home.



Truman Howell

MISS BETTY LLEWELLYN, M.F.H.,  
AND A TEN-POUNDER!

Miss Betty Llewellyn was on short leave from her unit of the W.A.A.F. when she killed this St. Fagan's salmon. She is one of the daughters of Sir David and Lady Llewellyn, and is joint-Master of the Talybont hounds with her brother, Mr. Rhys Llewellyn, who has now joined the Welsh Guards

Mr. Richard King will resume his article shortly.





“PUT OUT THOSE DRESS SHIRTS!”

By “MEL”

## AIR EDDIES

by OLIVER STEWART



Charles E. Brown

### THE R.A.F. YACHT CLUB AT ABOUKIR BAY

This club was started by the N.C.O.s and airmen of the Royal Air Force stationed in Egypt round' and about this place with a name that put paid to some of the aspirations of a great adventurer, one Napoleon, in 1799. The craft are of various sizes, and many of them are "home made"

#### What is Aptitude?

ONE of the most fascinating questions concerning the flying of aeroplanes is that which deals with natural aptitude. Is it possible to take a person who has never been in an aeroplane and to determine with certainty that he will be a good or a bad pilot? Obviously there must be qualities which minister to piloting skill, but do we know what they are and how to measure them? Medical opinion on the subject is undefined. Yet a certain famous flying instructor who has been at the job for a great many years maintains that, when he has known a man for two or three days, he can be positive whether he will make a good pilot or not.

Flying an aeroplane certainly has some sort of relationship to controlling an animal. But it also has some sort of relationship to mechanical knowledge and experience, and that's where the confusion starts. For it often happens that those who are best with animals, lack mechanical aptitude, and *vice versa*. In the war of 1914, those who applied to become pilots in the Royal Flying Corps were asked if they could ride a horse and if they could drive a motor-bicycle. Personally, I should say that experience in sailing a dinghy would be an equally good preparation for flying an aeroplane. In some ways, indeed, dinghy-sailing is the nearest thing to flying. The "feel" of a tiller is very closely akin to the "feel" of a control-stick. Nowadays methods for determining aptitude for flying appear much more scientific than they were twenty years ago; but whether they are much more correct remains to be seen.

#### Foundation or False Start?

When war began, and one felt it there in the background of one's thoughts all the time, I started to compile a map showing the world's air-lines at the outbreak. They are an impressive lot, and one of the first things aviation will have to do when peace comes again will be to re-establish them and extend them. Those lines of August 1939, must be made a foundation for the future, and not just a false start.

Looking back now, I seem to see 1937 and 1938 as years in which civil flying was racing with military flying. Every new air-line, every new service bonded the countries more closely together and, had it not been for the Germans, the bonding process might

have continued and led to that friendliness between different countries that the French and ourselves had been seeking. But the Germans thrust forward their military side more quickly than the peaceful nations their civil side.

#### Far Away.

It is strange, in these times, to read in the American newspapers of the National Air Races of America. Over here we had been preparing for the King's Cup race, and for the race for the Wakefield Challenge Trophy, when war was declared; over there the races can fortunately go on, and it makes a pleasant contrast to war news to read of the American machines and pilots taking part. Admittedly they seem dwarfed by world events—for, beside the glare of war, all other flames are small and insignificant—but they remind us of happier times.

Many of the pilots in the National Air Races in the United States are men who also design and largely build their aeroplanes themselves. The result is some extremely individual work and some remarkable-looking aeroplanes. I was very much attracted by the look of Mr. Art Chester's "Goon." This is a small mid-wing monoplane with some resemblances to the successful French Caudron racers of the Coupe Deutsch, and it has the same kind of Ratier airscrew. It is a beautifully streamlined machine, with retractable under-carriage and retractable tail-skid. Top speed was estimated at round about 483 kilometres an hour (300 miles an hour), but by the time these notes appear, the results of the racing may have been published, and they will show exactly what this aeroplane's capability is.

#### Air Hostesses.

Nothing seems to excite the admiration of the inhibited Anglo-Saxon on visit to America more than the air hostesses who are charged with the duty of ministering to the comforts of the passengers on the air-lines. It is queer, this reaction, and it suggests that there is something wrong with the psychological make-up of both the English and the Americans. They have been got into the state of believing that there is something rather "daring" about any woman who has been arranged in make-up and clothes to conform to a certain highly publicised standard. But, actually, it is a dreary standard, plugged by the films, yet utterly without genuine attraction.

(Continued on page ii)



CAPTAIN C. W. J. ALLEN

Captain Allen, R.A.F., Director of Air Taxis, Ltd., was on leave when the stand-to went, and, naturally, at once returned to duty. He was to have been a competitor in the King's Cup Air Race, which, of course, is now cancelled





#### THE OFFICERS OF DUPLICATED BATTALIONS THE HAMPSHIRE

A group taken very recently before these two battalions separated to the stations to which they have been posted. It is not permissible to record where this picture was taken, but it will prove a happy memento to all concerned

The names in the picture are, reading left to right (front row, seated): Captain H. R. Kennedy, Captain F. H. Fletcher, Major H. R. Paterson, 'R.A.M.C., Major H. M. E. Bradshaw, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Malim, T.D., Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Elliott, T.D., Captain J. H. H. Robinson (Adjutant), Major G. T. Druitt, T.D., T.A.R.O., Captain F. Keeping, Captain J. Goodman, Captain J. R. P. Simpson; (second row) Lieut. and Q.-M.A. E. Russell-Munday, Lieut. Viscount Fitz-Harris, 2nd Lieut. W. A. T. Fairbairn, Lieut. J. Rice, Captain J. G. New, T.A.R.O., 2nd Lieut. G. Aikens, Lieut. A. d'O. E. Daunt, Lieut. A. H. C. Cock (Assistant Adjutant), Captain and Q.-M. A. A. Downer; (third row) Lieut. J. N. Scott, 2nd Lieut. B. J. Kirkman, Lieut. R. C. Eldridge, 2nd Lieut. A. E. Lloyd, 2nd Lieut. J. P. Playford, 2nd Lieut. M. B. Jenkins, 2nd Lieut. R. W. H. Raikes, 2nd Lieut. F. H. A. Darling, 2nd Lieut. I. Mcl. Mowat; (back row) 2nd Lieut. A. B. Burnett, 2nd Lieut. J. M. Wills, Lieut. A. J. Heath; 2nd Lieut. W. G. Jukes, 2nd Lieut. R. L. Scorgie, 2nd Lieut. J. J. Kerr

#### THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS THE NTH BATTN. ROYAL FUSILIERS

The names are (back row, left to right): 2nd Lieut. F. G. Kahl, 2nd Lieut. J. A. Morrison, 2nd Lieut. J. D. Hunt, 2nd Lieut. P. Herbert, 2nd Lieut. D. Dottridge, Lieut. MacKillop, R.A.M.C. (T.A.), 2nd Lieut. V. F. Gaylard; (middle row, left to right) 2nd Lieut. B. A. Parnwell, Lieut. and Quartermaster R. J. Robertson, 2nd Lieut. P. Lindo, 2nd Lieut. L. F. G. Pritchard, 2nd Lieut. P. F. Nind, 2nd Lieut. H. Wynne, Lieut. H. H. H. Elliott, 2nd Lieut. B. S. Gray, 2nd Lieut. P. D. Moore, Lieut. C. P. Warner; (front, left to right) Captain J. A. Barham, Captain A. E. Marshall, Captain P. H. Mason, Lieut.-Colonel L. A. M. Bates-Oldham (Commanding), Major E. A. McIver, Captain and Adjutant D. W. Brown, Captain C. B. Christy, Captain W. H. Tatham



#### THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS THE NTH BATTN. SHERWOOD FORESTERS

This battalion of Sherwood Foresters, which was raised in double-quick time, has been brought to an efficient degree of training under the command of Lieut.-Colonel C. G. Lancaster, M.P., late the Blues, was in camp somewhere in England when this picture was taken

The names, reading from left to right, are (standing): 2nd Lieut. F. H. B. Fenwick, 2nd Lieut. A. Wadsworth, 2nd Lieut. R. C. Lancaster, 2nd Lieut. W. L. Miron, 2nd Lieut. D. G. Counsel-Davis, 2nd Lieut. P. Markham, Captain R. J. C. Hamilton, R.A.M.C., Lieut. R. Cooling, 2nd Lieut. J. M. T. Bunney; (sitting, from left to right) Captain A. O. Gamble, Captain F. J. W. Seely, Captain N. Bavin, Brigadier-General D. M. Sole, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel C. G. Lancaster, Colonel Bertram Abel-Smith, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., Captain J. W. Hartigan (Adjutant), Captain G. N. B. Huskinson, Captain H. J. B. Armstrong. "Jenny," the lady in the foreground, is well known with the Blankney Hunt

"The Tatler" will be pleased to receive further groups of Regimental Officers for publication

## WARTIME à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



MELBA'S GRANDDAUGHTER—RECENTLY ENGAGED

Miss Pamela Armstrong, whose engagement to Mr. William H. Vestey was recently announced, is the granddaughter and heiress of Dame Nellie Melba, the great Australian singer. Among her inheritance was a magnificent collection of jewels presented to the *prima donna* by Kings and Queens of Europe, including a magnificent pearl and ruby brooch from Queen Victoria. Mr. Vestey is the only son of the Hon. Samuel and Mrs. Vestey, of Stowell Park, Gloucestershire, and grandson of Lord Vestey, the millionaire "cold-storage king."

## BACONBRIDGE SEES IT THROUGH.

THIS is indeed a queer war. It will seem queerer before, in this island at any rate, it resembles the last one to any obvious extent. Nobody could have expected the first fortnight to be as it is, even during a prologue of watchful waiting for the bombers that tarry. There have been no cheers and no flicker of hysteria in London since the Sunday when it started; but there is an unusual amount of friendliness everywhere. I have seen during the fortnight only three small detachments of troops in the streets; and these had less effect on the traffic than the familiar files of Guardsmen did when they marched along the Buckingham Palace Road, in piping times of peace.

London has been a comfortable, not to say cosy, place by day, with room enough for everybody and little noise, except from buildings where they are still doing things to a shelter or have at last found some corrugated iron for a skylight. The frequent sun has glinted on everything between the high balloons and the buckles on shiny containers for gas-masks, hawked by pedlars who seldom carry a mask of their own. The only crowds within a mile radius of Hyde Park Corner have been the long lines of women in Victoria Street, waiting to suggest themselves for any form of National Service. These are swelled by thousands whom the big and little stores have been forced to suspend until the public, having settled into the régime of the new wartime, start buying again.

They are fine and earnest, also, in the country districts; and if comedy arises from some of their war doings, the organisers are the first to see it. My last week-end was spent in a truly rural region well to the north-east of London, with no factories inside a radius of thirty miles from the local

town—call it Baconbridge. The villages are full of evacuees, and though some friction is bound to happen as between the habits of West Ham and the customs of Little Dewstone, it has brought only two difficult incidents. One concerned the retired editor of a very gentlemanly newspaper, who gets on enormously well with the evacuated children. But when, at a football match, he said a London youth was offside and the youth's small sister cried out that he was a something old twirp, the referee felt obliged to blow the whistle and order the interrupter off the ground.

The other incident had as heroine one of the blind old ladies accommodated in the manor house. When visitors called to entertain them, she always disappeared. She had discovered a marble bathroom and closet; and she sat there for hours, wearing her bonnet and shedding lavender. They decided not to disturb her. "After all," explained the hostess, "she's eighty-five—and there's a war on."

It is conceivable that if a raiding aircraft were driven right off its course, it might unload a last stray bomb in a field near Baconbridge; so they are admirably organised for A.R.P. A householder informed me that since London was so well protected, the Germans might well prefer places like Baconbridge. The roads and lanes are divided into sections, and it is the job of owner-drivers by the dozen to drive around in search of the injured, for whom two hospitals have been improvised.

Nothing, however, was known about provision for possible corpses, until Mrs. Blank decided that, what with the petrol rationing and her duty to pick up casualties in the lanes, she would forego the last of her weekly swimming lessons during the summer. She rang up the baths in the county town, twelve miles away, and announced: "Mrs. Blank speaking. Sorry, but I must cancel my lesson on Thursday—because of the war, you know." The answer was: "I should think you blooming well must, Madam. This place is now a mortuary—because of the war, you know."

During the raid when enemy craft reconnoitred the English coast, all went reasonably well in Baconbridge until the end. The dear old nanny at the manor house, found sitting up in bed, was asked whether the siren woke her up, and said she did seem to have heard what sounded like a cock crowing. But the All Clear, you may remember, was given elsewhere at about 8.30 a.m.; whereas at 9.30 the constables and special constables round Baconbridge were still stopping bicyclists and pedestrians, and the owner-drivers were still standing by their posts. The police-station at Baconbridge had asked citizens not to telephone unnecessarily during air raids. A magistrate, however, who had kept his household in the cellar since seven o'clock and urgently wanted breakfast, rang up at 9.45 to demand the latest news. The police said their red light in the station was still showing, but they would refer to the county town. And the county town apologised: its operator had forgotten Baconbridge when word came to switch all the police lights to green.

There were also two spots of minor trouble over gas. In one small village the postmistress said she couldn't possibly sound the gas-rattle they offered her; it would frighten her old husband to death. In another, a lady looked out of her window, came over queer, and shouted to a friend, whom she saw through a window at the far end of the village, that she felt as though she were gassed. Suggestion made the second lady come over queer; and she also felt gassed. So the first casualty called down to the warden, telling him to sound his rattle and warn the rest of the population.

"Nonsense, madam," he protested. "There isn't any gas."

The two angry ladies urged, argued and continued to cough, until one of them telephoned a complaint and report to the chief warden in a larger village. The chief warden said he could hardly believe they were gassed, but was browbeaten into telephoning for advice to the medical officer.

"What's the proper treatment for this sort of thing?" he asked.

"The same as for incendiary bombs," said the doctor as he rang off. "*Sprinkle their heads with sand, then immerse 'em in buckets of water.*"

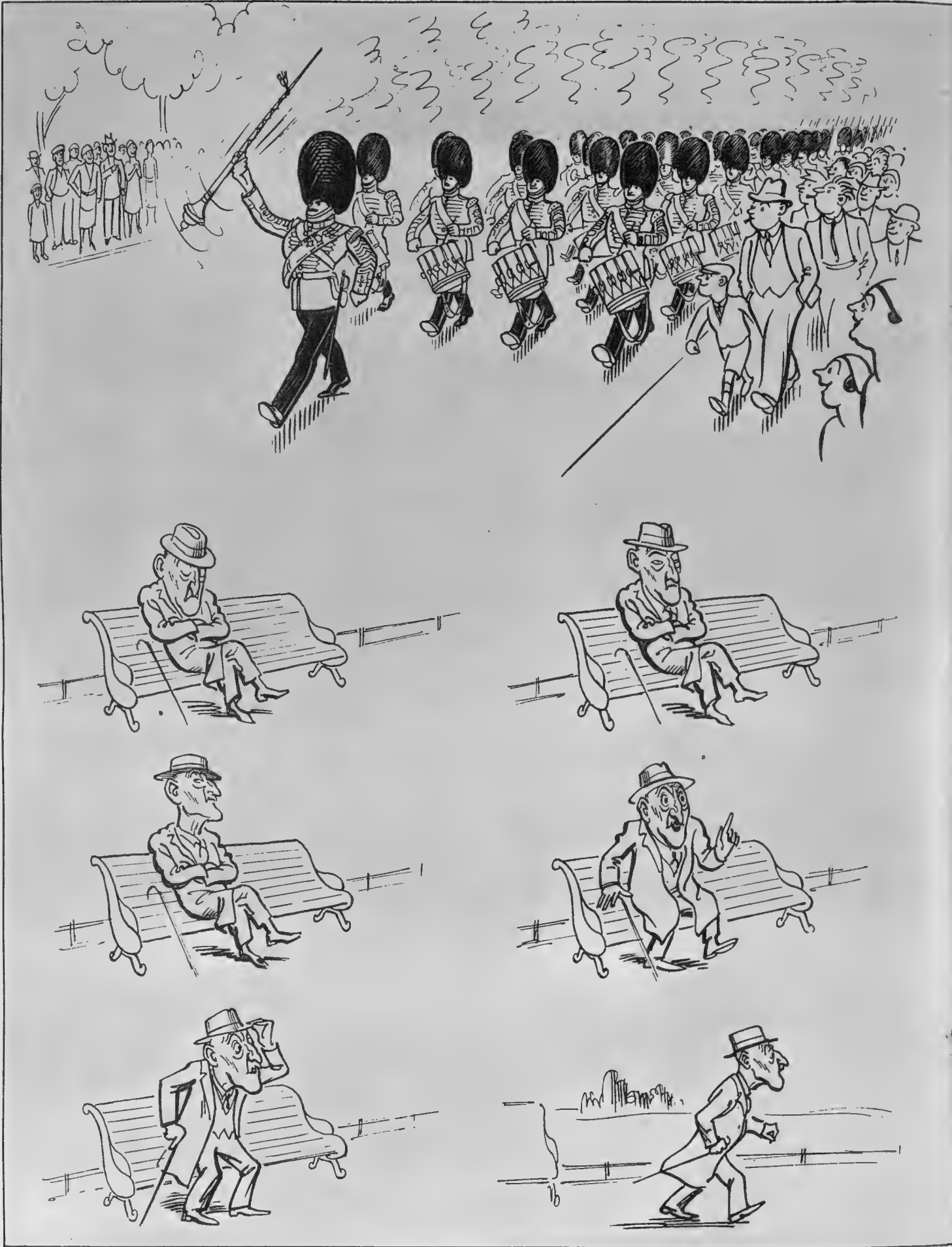




### THE VISCOUNTESS ST. DAVIDS—HER MOST RECENT PORTRAIT

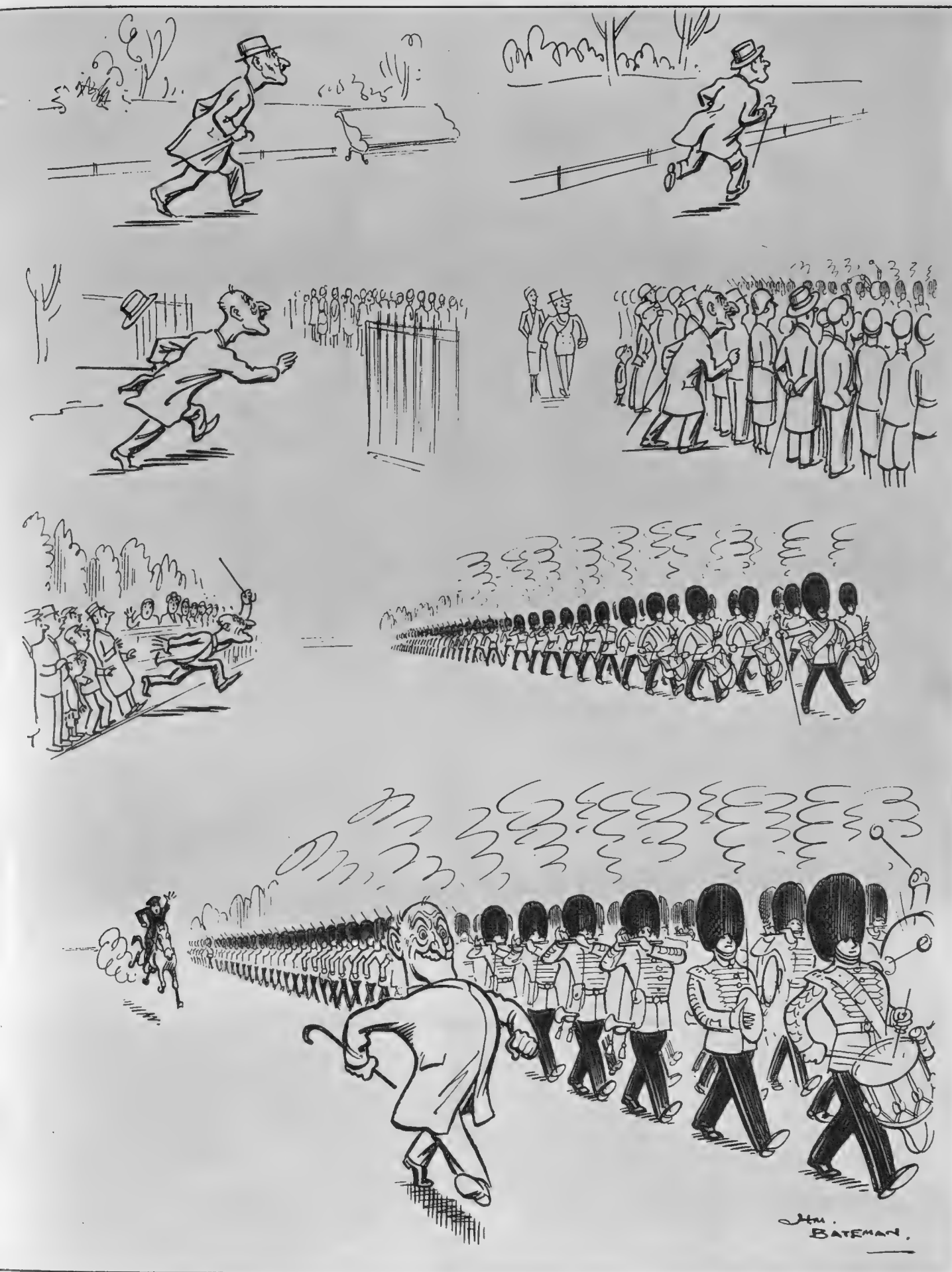
*Cannons of Hollywood*

Lady St. Davids, who married the present holder of a title in a family of the greatest antiquity, is a beautiful Australian and the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Jowitt, of Melbourne, who also have a house in London. Lord St. Davids was born in 1917, when the last war was in full blast, and succeeded to the title in 1938, the year in which he was married. One of Lord St. Davids' ancestors attended Richard Cœur de Lion in a well-known war in Palestine in 1190, and fought with the utmost gallantry. The lion-hearted King bestowed a special decoration upon him, in the field, and also a knighthood



DRUMS AND BELL  
Drawn by H. L. HUNT





# ND FIFES

M. Bateman



*Leslie Rowson, A.R.P.S.*

EVACUATION!  
BUSINESS AS USUAL!



## BIARRITZ CAUGHT

## BY THE WAR



THE MARCHESA DI PORTAGO AND HER LITTLE  
DAUGHTER, SOLIDOR



LADY VERONICA HORNBY  
AT THE CHAMBRE D'AMOUR



MRS. ARCHIE TOD AND HER  
DAUGHTER, ANGELA



MADAME MAX AUSNIT  
AND HER BABY SON



MISS ANNE WAKEFIELD SAUNDERS  
AND SEÑOR CERVANTES



MISS MARIANNE DAVIES  
AND MR. DEREK BLYTH

Biarritzois, like most people everywhere else, were caught a little off their balance at the last moment by the high speed with which things rushed to the unfortunate climax, but equally like everyone elsewhere, they preserved a most admirable composure. The weather for the photographer was extremely kind—hence the excellence of these pictures. The Marchesa di Portago, *née* Olga Leighton, is a kinswoman of Sir Richard Leighton, whose family has been seated in Shropshire since the twelfth century. Lady Veronica Hornby, Lord Dufferin's only sister, married Mr. Antony Hornby in 1931. Mrs. Tod is the wife of Colonel Archie Tod, who was a member of the best polo team the Rifle Brigade ever had, the one that nearly took the 10th Hussars' number down in 1911. Madame Ausnit, wife of a Rumanian oil king, has been voted the best-dressed woman in Bucharest, also the most beautiful. Miss Anne Wakefield Saunders, daughter of Captain Wakefield Saunders, Coldstream, was talking to the Mexican pelota "champ," the Basque game said to be rather like fives. Mr. Derek Blyth, seen with the beautiful American cabaret star, is in the Grenadiers, now busily employed at some place somewhere



Poole, Dublin

## IN COUNTY DUBLIN, SAFE FROM ANY AIR RAIDS

A group of sunny-faced little people at Glenmaroon, Chapelizod, the Hon. Ernest Guinness's home, and in it, as well as the Great Dane watchman, are the Hon. Dominick and the Hon. Patricia Browne (partly hidden), the children of Lord Oranmore and Browne; Miss Olwen and Master Michael Mordaunt-Smith, the children of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Cotterell Mordaunt-Smith, who is Lord Oranmore and Browne's sister; Miss Nealia and Miss Doon Plunket, children of the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket; and Miss Wanda King-French

"Wer Hitler dient, dient Deutschland; Wer Deutschland dient, dient Gott."

THIS slogan, or trade-mark, was manufactured for Der Führer by his Boswell, the Herr Doktor Göbbels. Like so many of this prolific author's literary efforts, it is singularly lacking in originality. In 1914 the present leader's predecessor produced "*Ich und Gott!*" and persuaded his nation that that was the correct order in which to place things. The inference is obvious! He was proved to be a bit out in his calculations. History invariably repeats itself.



MRS. J. K. BOWEN ON "MARCUS," A WINNER  
AT THE LIMERICK SHOW

This high-class four-year-old, who is by Sir Rowland, won the Championship in the Ladies' Class at Limerick. The proud owner is Mrs. J. K. Bowen, of Ballinaparka, Cappoquin, Co. Waterford

## Pictures in the Fire

There is another rather well-known saw of which Herr Hitler's adopted compatriots are very fond, and it runs like this: "WER EINMAL LÜGT DEM GLAUBT MAN NICHT UND WEN ER AUCH DIE WAHRHEIT SPRICHT." It means, for the benefit of those who dislike the German tongue: "The man who has once lied is never again believed even if he speaks the truth!"

Der Führer, according to popular report, is firmly convinced that he is a reincarnation of Siegfried. This rumour finds some sort of support in the naming of Germany's "impenetrable" line and Herr Hitler's fondness for Wagnerian music. In this latter taste many of us are entirely with him. Siegfried, as the student of the fascinating legend of *Die Nibelungen* will know, was a very intrepid person: he killed a dragon; he bathed in animal's blood which was supposed to make him completely immune from any missile, however deadly. The trouble was that whilst he was having his bloody shower, a leaf fell on him and it made poor Siegfried vulnerable in one spot. Eventually he was done in by a tough named Hagen Tronje, who was a first-class shot, with a

javelin. I cannot but feel that Adolf would have been wiser to have picked upon some other character in Teutonic mythology. Incidentally, the treasure of the *Nibelungen*, pinched from poor Krimhilde, is still (so I was credibly informed when last in those parts) buried at the bottom of the Rhine. It is not very difficult, bearing this in mind, for us to believe that this man with the one-way mind really does believe that which they say he believes.

A strategist whom I happened to meet in a train said that the real thing Jerry was up to was to "make them Poles captive." I honestly believe that that is the big idea, but I think that it is going to be a very tough job.

The present object is naturally to present Hitler to the world as some kind of cock-angel who is being driven into attacking us entirely against his will. This will not wash. The war was scarcely more than twenty-four hours old before he perpetrated a second *Lusitania* outrage. Are they going to have a medal struck with the word "*Athenia*" on it?

The headlines in some of our papers during the period of the first air-raid warnings made interesting reading for many people. One German reconnaissance was described as an "attack," and one of the diligent watchers told us that he saw seventy planes beaten off. He was extraordinarily lucky and probably the only person who saw anything. This reconnaissance did all that any such operation is asked to do: if the officer commanding it had done more



LADY VICTORIA SCOTT

In spite of many other activities, Lady Victoria Scott (*née* Haig) finds time to fill Army palliasses. Wife of Mr. Douglas Scott, Lady Victoria is a daughter of the great Field-Marshal



THE HON. JACQUELINE VEREKER  
AND DAME HELEN VAUGHAN

The Commandant of the A.T.S. and the only daughter of the C.-in-C., the British Forces, Lord Gort. A snapshot taken as they left the W.O.



## By "SABRETACHE"



## AUXILIARY FIREWOMAN

One of the many in the Auxiliary Fire Service is Mrs. Aird, whose husband is, in happier times, assistant secretary at Lord's



## DOING THEIR BIT FOR THIS NATION IN ARMS

Snapped outside a well-sand-bagged National Service dépôt: (l. to r.) Miss M. Buller, the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Assheton, wife of the newly-appointed Under-Secretary for Unemployment, and the Hon. Jocelyne Hotham, her sister

it is extremely likely that he would have been put on the mat, for it was no part of his job to bring on any kind of a scrap. The one and only object of such an adventure is to induce the adversary to give away his position and strength, and your business is then to return to the place from whence you came, all in one piece if possible, and deliver such information as you may have been able to collect to the G.O.C.-in-C. operations.

If the O.C. Reconnaissance exceeds his duties, he may stand to be obliterated, in which case the whole object of the Directing General is frustrated and the performance has to be started all over again, which necessarily means a great loss of time. A reconnaissance in force may sometimes become involved in a bit more of a fight than it wants, and if it butts into a hornet's nest might get itself enveloped and so severely mauled as to be only able to crawl away on three legs and a swinger. Broadly speaking, its duties are exactly the same as those of a light reconnaissance. It is sent to nose things out, and not to bring on a general action which might completely upset the time-table of the G.O.C.-in-C. When business is meant, the line of observation is, of course, an integral part of the whole operation, and in such case it is not sent out into the blue by itself, but closely supported by the advance guard, the main line of attack, with the tactical reserve tagging along at a convenient distance astern, ready to chip in at an appropriate moment. It is, on the other hand, the job of the chap on the other side not to take any chances, and, whether it is merely a reconnaissance or the thin end of something bigger, to push its face in—or, better still, cut it off and prevent its getting back with any news. This recent effort by the Hitlerites was obviously only undertaken for unmasking purposes. It would have been very quickly made manifest if it had been anything heavier.

\* \* \*

Whilst we are busy about our own alarms and excursions, small paragraphs tucked into the newspapers give us a hint that the far end of the new Unholy Alliance, as might be expected, has started to wag. Fighting has again broken out along the Khalka Gol (river). It is not easy to indicate in terms known to the West where this river flows; some idea of its fantastic remoteness being given by the fact that probably the nearest place familiar to us is Xanadu, which exists to this day as a ruin of Khublai's stately pleasure dome, Coleridge's name for it being Marco Polo's corruption of the Chinese Shangtu. There is fantasy, too, in



## LORD AND LADY POWERSCOURT IN PEACEFUL COUNTY WICKLOW

Lady Powerscourt, in spite of being far removed from our war alarms in this land, is prominent in the newly-formed Irish Red Cross Society, started to render aid to the sick and wounded in time of war. Lord Powerscourt is Chief of the Baden-Powell Boy Scouts in Eire, and Lady Powerscourt is equally to the fore where the Girl Guides are concerned

to-day's distant fighting, as the two modern powers of Russia and Japan struggle for control of the vast Mongol plateau, partitioning the tribes whose princes are descended from Khublai and from the more terrible Genghiz Khan whose all-conquering cavalry once swept across Europe, to be halted only by (and is this an omen?) the sturdy Poles!

\* \* \*

If there is one thing above all others which should make us keep our tails in their present position—curled up well over our backs—it is the selection of our opening pair, Lord Gort and Sir Edmund Ironside—each of them good for a century!



## MISS BRENDA FRAZIER AND OUR FRIEND, MICKEY ROONEY

Mickey was the host of America's Glamour Girl No. 1 and also of many other young people at his party on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria. Mickey Rooney was to have come to us to make *A Yank at Eton*, but now ...?

## OFF THE COURTS

By  
GODFREY WINN

NOW that the first shock of submersion is over, you begin to notice the smaller changes too. Like the shop where I used to buy flowers sometimes and which now has an air-raid notice on one side of the window and wooden crosses framed across the other, with a bank of white lilies behind, as though one were gazing at a symbolic, surrealist picture. And the garage round the corner, where I kept the car, has been partly transformed into a fire-station. So that when you ask for your last gallon of petrol you are not sure whether you are not insulting someone wearing the King's uniform. Alas! they soon turned me out of the A.F.S. myself, because a new order went out that only whole-time workers could be enrolled, and the powers-that-be, meanwhile, had sent me official intimation that I was to keep myself at their disposal at present. I used to think once upon a time that the pen really was mightier than the sword. But now when, momentarily at any rate, all the things one believed in have crashed, more and more everyday action seems to be the one touchstone that has any reality; and thus I can't help my doubts increasing: I can't help feeling that an older and wiser generation can handle the pens, while a younger man, like myself, should wield the equivalent of a sword. The snag is that at the present moment no untrained citizen can get into the Army, for they have more than enough recruits for present requirements and are turning down applicants left and right.

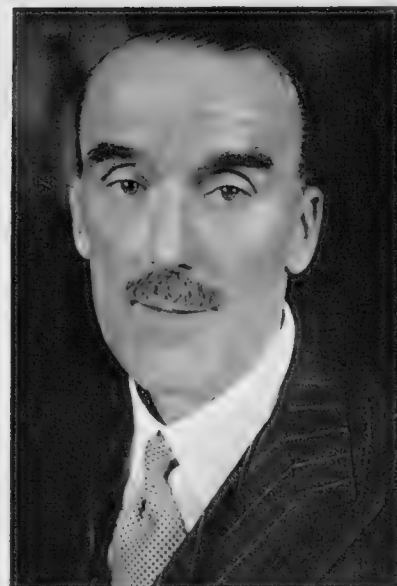
All the same, that doesn't really resolve one's doubts, and there must be many, many other fellows like myself who are in the early thirties and who know in their hearts that, no matter what the position they may have attained, they would rather at this moment be an anonymous member of the ranks than let all the dirty work—including the cleaning-out of the latrines—be performed by those who joined a Territorial unit like the Anti-Aircraft long before war was declared. One's conscience cannot allow them to be left with the baby. Still, I suppose there is the consolation that, should the war develop on a large scale in a few weeks' time on the home front, the men who are manning the guns are likely to be as safe, if not safer, than those who may be trapped in burning houses. It is still such a matter of conjecture what the future may have in store for us, but one thing is certain: if the home front comes into action—dangerously into action—it will be difficult for white feathers, as well as bombs, to drop upon the heads of those who have been officially commanded to remain at their civilian posts as likely to be of most use there to the Government. Ultimately, all of us have to make our own decisions in regard to our own conscience. It is not easy and it is not very pleasant. It is not the possible repercussions of a raid that keep me awake at night at present, but the gnawing doubt as to one's own usefulness, despite official encouragement. But now at last I have made up my mind, and am resolved to wait six weeks till my thirty-third birthday and then, if my instinct still suggests to me that I should be of more use with any sort of implement in my hand than a pen, I shall disappear somehow or other into the anonymous ranks, and finally this time. And that will be that.

Forgive me for having expatiated at length upon my own personal problem, but I only did so because I was so positive that variations of that same problem must be exercising the minds of a large section of the population who, in the first impact of war, are running round in hopeless circles, explaining to themselves not what job can they get that will be best for the safety of their skins, but what job is there

in which they can be of most use to their country. Well, I am assured from more than one official source that the decision will be taken out of our hands, and we must have patience while the process of allocation goes on. Meanwhile, I would like to put on record how extraordinarily helpful and patient everyone is in dealing with enlistment problems and queries, whether it is a section officer of the A.F.S. at their Lambeth headquarters or the ladies in charge of the A.R.P. transport section of my own borough of Westminster, or some high official at the War Office, like the Public Relations Officer, General Beith, who, during the last fortnight, has been so desperately rushed off his feet that he has hardly found time to leave the building at all, even at night. And yet on the several occasions on which he has spared me a few moments he has made me feel that at that moment he is only concerned with my own queries. It is the old, old story about the *really* big people always being accessible, considerate, and calm, while those who suddenly find themselves invested with authority for the first time have to show off like bantam cocks. But somehow I think there will be less of that in this war. I sincerely hope so, at any rate. After all, we are fighting this time avowedly to preserve hereafter the freedom of small nations, so do let us start with preserving the liberties as far as possible of the little man at home. I am not thinking now so much in terms of too-black black-outs and shuttered cinemas, because these things will adjust themselves as the weeks pass, but of those men and women who find themselves disrupted from their previous happy backgrounds, and in consequence feel as strange and nervous as small children spending their first night under the roof of their preparatory school. A word of encouragement, recognition—call it what you like—can make such a tremendous difference, as I know already from personal experience.

A few days ago, Professor Hilton, at the Ministry of Information, because I was fretting at my inactivity, gave me a very minor job to do that could have been performed by any reasonably competent journalist. When I took my version back, it was to find him in his room surrounded by appointments, telephone calls, and agenda. At once he looked up from his desk, took what I had written, read it through, and a moment later exclaimed, "I wish I could have written that!" Now, I knew that that was a palpable exaggeration. I knew that his brain was a thousand times better than mine could ever aspire to be. I knew, too, that he could have dictated in five minutes the thing I had laboriously produced had he had a moment's respite from his labours.

(Continued on page ii)



Bassano

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN HAY  
BEITH, C.B.E., M.C.

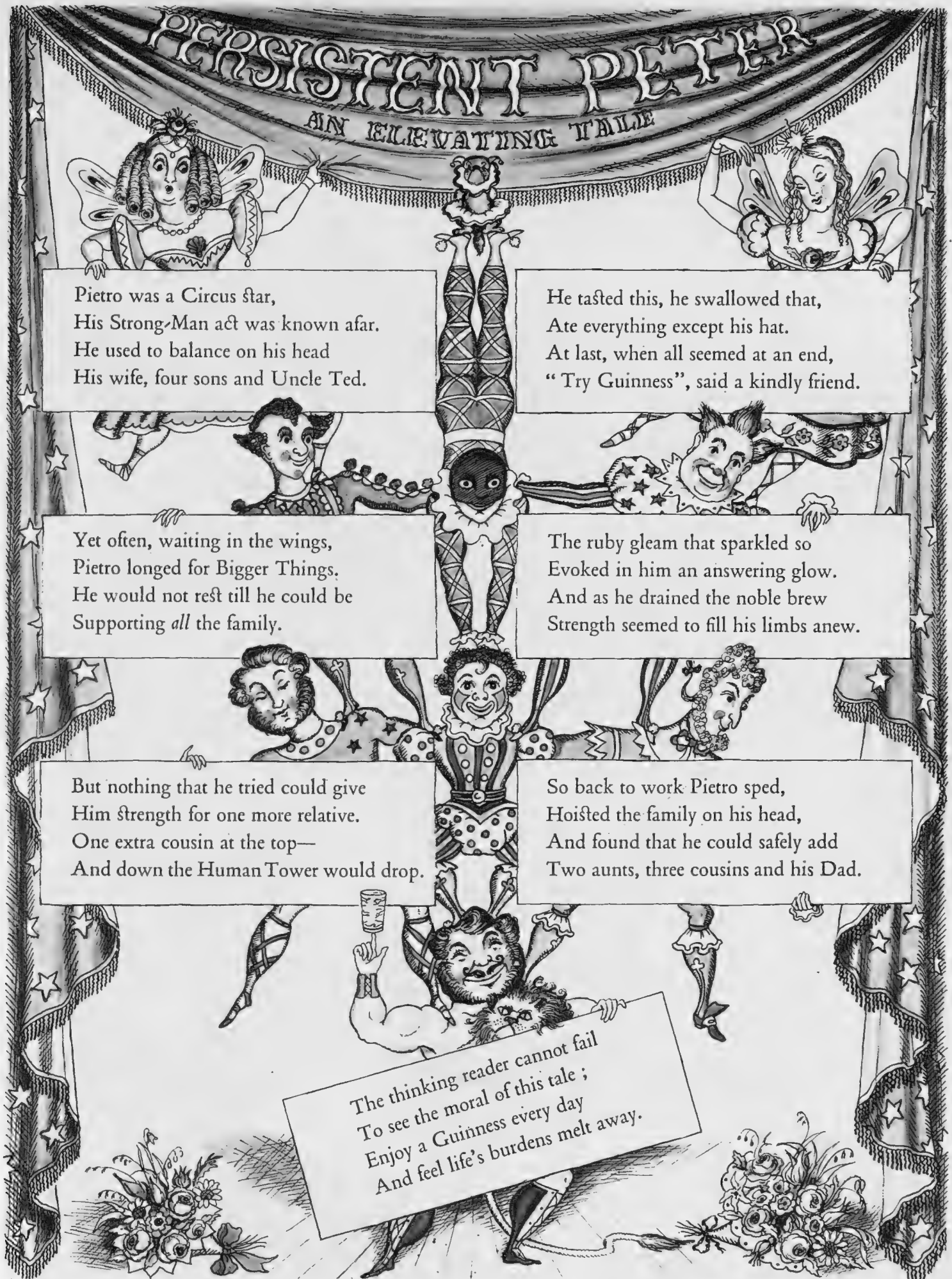
The original of the above picture, now Director of Public Relations at the War Office, is more universally known to the world at large as "Ian Hay." His mother-regiment was the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders



FRANCES DAY ENTERTAINS THE TROOPS

The occasion was somewhere in Surrey, and the "theatre," like the troops, was under canvas. Frances Day and a well-known colleague in many a production, Arthur Riscoe, naturally had an enthusiastic welcome







"I ALWAYS WAS A FOOL AT REMEMBERING NAMES,  
BUT I NEVER FORGET A FACE"

THE grocer was very busy serving, but he had time to notice a small boy standing silently by an open tin of sweet biscuits, and decided that the matter needed looking into.

"What are you up to there, my lad?" he asked sternly.

"Nothing, Sir," said the little chap, meekly.

"Nothing? Well, it looks to me suspiciously as if you are trying to pinch a biscuit when my back's turned."

"Oh, no, Sir," said the boy, in a shocked voice. "I'm trying not to, Sir!"

THE customer settled himself down in the barber's chair, and let the man put the towel round him.

"Before we start," he said snappily, "I know the weather's awful, and that the dictators are a menace to the world. I don't care who wins the next big fight, and I don't bet on horse races. I know I'm getting thin on the top, but I don't mind that. Now get on with it!"

"Well, Sir," said the barber, "if you don't mind, Sir, I'll be able to concentrate better on cutting your hair if you don't talk so much."

TO little Biffin was delegated the honour of presenting the vacuum-cleaner purchased by the staff as a token of their esteem for Miss Jones, the typist, who was leaving the office upon the near approach of her marriage.

He rose, blushed nervously, and said:

"On behalf of my colleagues and myself, I congratulate you, and beg you to accept this little gift, and we hope that, as you employ it to free your home from unwanted dirt and litter, you will be reminded of your old friends at the office."

THE chairman rose to propose the toast.

"Gentlemen, let us drink to the health of our colleague William Brown, who is leaving the town. He was born here; he was married here; and we all hoped that he would die here. But it was not to be."

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE orchestra in the background played a haunting love-song. In the centre of the room, a man and woman were locked in close embrace. Suddenly the director leaped to his feet in anger.

"Cut!" he shouted. He walked over to the hero and heroine. "No, no!" he screamed. "That's no good!"

He turned to the hero.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"I want you to take this girl into your arms as though she were the first girl you ever loved. Live this scene! Play it so the audience can feel the emotion of the moment! Make it bring them to their feet. Do you understand? I want the audience to stand up and cheer!"

The tired and bored actor turned to the musicians.

"Okay, boys," he requested wearily. "When I start kissing girl, you play the 'Star-Spangled Banner'!"

THE bridegroom-to-be and two friends stopped on the way to the register office to buy buttonholes at a florist's.

The proprietor, a small and fed-up-looking man, gave each a very small carnation and a spray of fern; but when the bridegroom saw his, he said: "Can't you find something a bit larger for me? After all, I'm the bridegroom, you know."

"Oh, well, that's different, you bein' the bridegroom," said the florist dismally. "Just nip over to my old woman's counter—she'll make you up a lovely wreath."

"You'll have seen a great change in this village?" asked the visitor.

"Aye, that I 'ave," replied the ancient. "Tankards at the Old Brown Cow now. Used to be mugs."



"WILFRED, YOU MIGHT SPEAK TO GERTIE—SHE'S DONE NOTHING BUT PLAY WITH MATCHES SINCE THE AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE HAS BEEN STATIONED OPPOSITE"





## WHEN THE TEACUPS TINKLE . . . .

... when all those tremendous trifles are discussed... what is being worn now... what will be worn in the future... and *what we can both do about it*. In these, fashion-wise heart-to-heart talks the question of stockings always arises... surely it is no coincidence that Bear Brand Sy-metra receive such unqualified

approval? Personally we flatter ourselves that it is because their unique qualities are becoming more widely known.

Sy-metra stockings are made differently to any other stocking you can buy! They give a subtle slenderising effect to even the loveliest legs, their seams always stay straight, and tests show that they give 30% more wear from calf to heel.

Bear Brand  
*Sy-metra*  
TRADE MARK  
TRUE FASHIONED PURE SILK STOCKINGS  
6'11 • 4'11 • 3'11



*Spectator Models*

# CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

ONE has time to wonder, at this preliminary marking-time stage of the war, in what manner golf clubs can best be made to serve the interests of the nation.

I probably echo the sentiments of most golfers in saying: "Please take the clubhouse, but spare us, if you can, our course." With thousands of acres of agricultural land going out of cultivation every year since the last war, it is hardly to be supposed that many golf courses need suffer the ultimate humiliation of being ploughed up and planted with potatoes. Some may be required for military manoeuvres, others may accommodate searchlights or anti-aircraft batteries; but, on the whole, golf courses will probably survive and remain playable in so far as anyone can be found to keep them in order. Incidentally, you will be interested to learn that Mrs. Heppel, who made a great golfing reputation as Miss Molly Griffiths, is an honorary life-member of Sunningdale, for the services she and a woman friend rendered to that club during the last war. Between them they kept regularly cut all the greens on the Old Course. Her husband, Captain Hugh Heppel, is secretary of Addington, and is waiting to be called up again. Meanwhile, he tells me, they are closing down the clubhouse, and transferring to Fred Robson's shop. The clubhouse, by the way, is available to be let as offices. The caddie-master, an ex-police inspector, has gone back to his old job, and the caddies' shed, complete with canteen, darts, etc., and probably the most "luxurious" in the country—has been turned into a police-station. A skeleton green-keeping staff is to concentrate its attentions on the Old Course, and will try to preserve the New in good enough order to restore it at the end of the war.

Sir Guy Campbell has been campaigning in *Golf Illustrated*, which, alas! is to cease publication for a while, for the utilisation of golf clubhouses in connection with the scheme for the evacuation of schoolchildren. There's no doubt that this would have been a splendid idea, but I fancy it is now too late to make much use of it. We are more likely to see them serving, as so many did in the last war, as temporary hospitals, for which they are particularly well adapted. As for the game itself, I hope it will go on, for it can

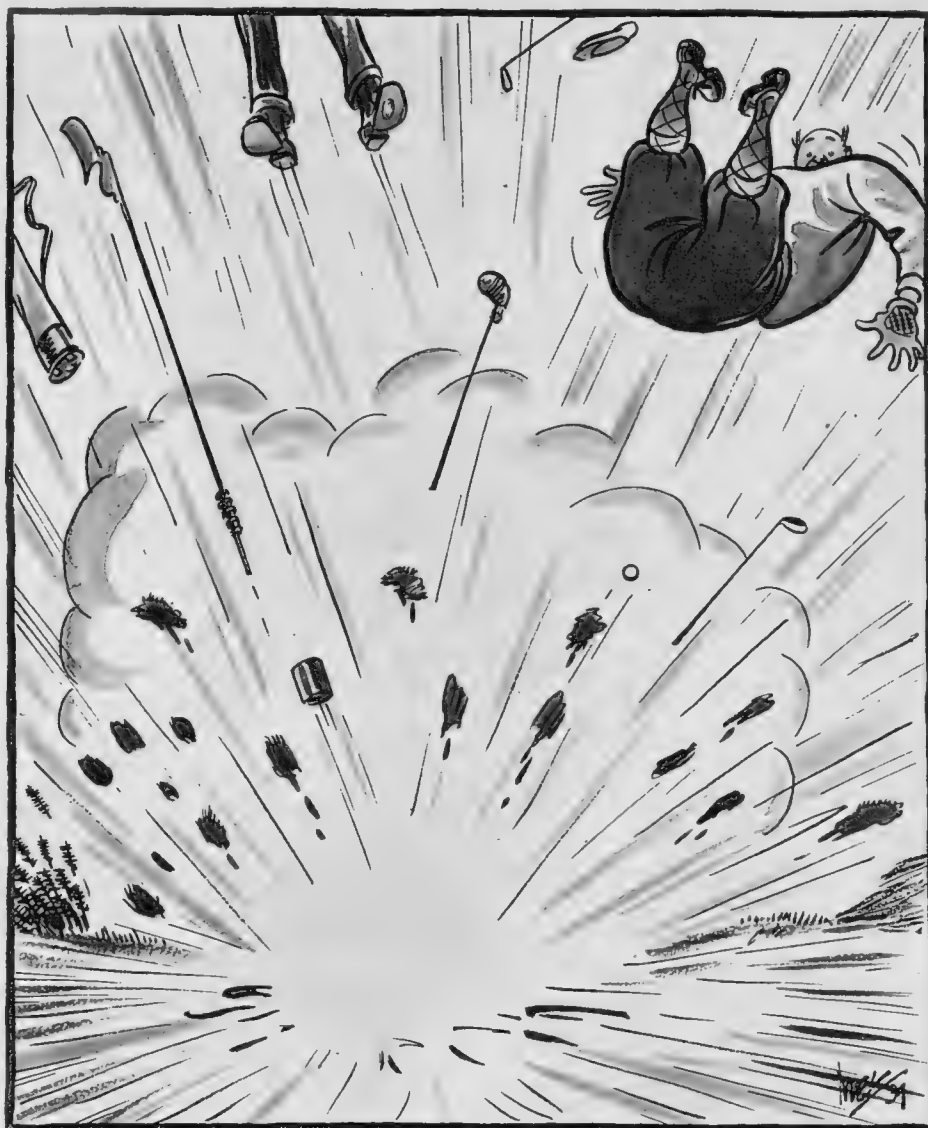
serve a useful purpose. At the moment, it seems too trivial to worry about. Having nothing better to do, I played last week-end, but I must confess my heart was not in the game, and I enjoyed it only from the consolation that the exercise was probably doing me some good. Later on, however, the game will come into its own again, for there is nothing that more surely takes a man's mind off the worries of the day than to trudge round the links propelling a little white ball. Mr. Lloyd George used golf as a relaxation at the height of the last disturbance, and I have no doubt that in the difficult times ahead the thin, bowed figure of Sir John Simon will still be seen at Walton Heath. Portly gentlemen will be seen carrying their own clubs for the first time for twenty years, and many are the lessons they will learn thereby. As they seek out the light canvas bag that has lain so long discarded in the attic,

they may feel a belated sympathy for the caddies who have had to lug round their handsome leather bag, complete with changes of clothing, umbrella, spare shoes, and what not. They will be surprised, too, to find how much better they play with seven clubs than with fourteen. They will be delighted to find themselves playing a variety of strokes with one club, instead of the same stroke with a variety of clubs.

Perhaps they will come to realise what a lot of fun they have missed in these past years by blindly taking a club from their caddie and blaming the man, who has probably never played golf in his life, if his judgment is erring by a matter of ten yards. Another happy result of wartime golf may be the breaking-up of the cliques that infest so many of London's bigger clubs, just as the camaraderie fostered by the common experience of turning

out in their dressing-gowns when the sirens go has begun to break down the almost impregnable barriers of suburban snobbery.

Perhaps I may conclude with the suggestion, which cannot be original, that every club in the country should extend the courtesy of its course to any member of His Majesty's Forces who is on leave from active service. It seems the least that we can do.



"—!! Just when I wanted a seven for a ninety-nine"

Drawn by "Mel"



# Autumn Coats



THERE is no doubt about it that for autumn and winter wear the Rodex coats built by W. C. Peake, 21 Hanover Street, Regent Street, stand unrivalled; they are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining, the above firm would send the name and address of their nearest agent. They are made of various tweeds, which are so well known that it would be superfluous to dwell on their merits. The model on the right of this page shows a light design; among its new features are the pockets, the broad, almost military, shoulders, and the slit elongated rever terminating in a single button. It is loose fitting, therefore the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. The model shown on the left is of a totally different character, the art of the tailor being shown in the arrangement of the stripes; it is available in a variety of colour schemes



THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF A FIELD AMBULANCE AND CLEARING STATION

A picture taken recently of one of those units which though classified as non-combatant has to do its job under conditions which are as equally full of peril as those encountered by the troops in the fighting line, and has furthermore none of the satisfaction which goes with the chance of hitting back at the other chap.

The names are, left to right: Lieutenant P. Candler, Captain C. W. A. Kimbell, Lieutenant J. F. Peredes, Lieutenant D. Garrod, Lieutenant P. S. L. Finlayson and Lieutenant J. N. Groves. Front row: Captain A. E. K. Price, Captain R. H. Ballard, M.B.E., Captain H. B. Lee, Major H. J. King, Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. S. Samuel, M.C., C.O. of the Casualty Clearing Station, Lieutenant-Colonel G. G. Talbot, Commanding the Unit, Major D. J. Macmyn, Captain A. R. C. Higham, Captain A. R. Darlow and Captain R. R. Talbot

### Two Hundred Miles a Month.

TWO hundred miles a month equal nearly seven miles a day or two thousand four hundred miles a year. This rationing will probably be felt more by country than town dwellers to whom alternative methods of transport are available. Also the average town dweller does most of his motoring at weekends, whereas the countryman uses his car daily, as it provides his only means of getting about. That is, of course, until he starts walking, cycling and riding again.

In the last war people dug out pony traps and gigs, engined them with whatever horse power they could collect from the fields and plunged back into the pre-motor era. So this time instead of ordering the latest Morris, Austin, Standard, M.G., Vauxhall and Ford models we may be looking towards the New Forest, Devonshire and the Shetlands for our transport.

The basing of the ration on mileage rather than gallonage is an interesting experiment. The amount of fuel allowed, at the rate of 25 m.p.g. for a "twelve," 40 m.p.g. for an "eight" and so on, cuts things pretty fine. It also cuts speed down to the most economical rate if one wants to attain the maximum mileage. For that reason get the carburettor looked to at once. Stop flooding or leaks from the supply line and petrol pump and get an expert to fine down the mixture. And as I said before maintain speed at a steady 30-35 m.p.h.

Had rationing been based on gallonage instead of mileage the big-car owner would have been unfairly handicapped. With a car doing fifteen miles to the gallon he would have had to be content with a third of the motoring allowed the driver of the most economical "eights." He would almost certainly have had to lay up his car and invest in a "Baby." Some might even have considered the idea of taking to an 80-100 m.p.g. motor bicycle. I'm told that today they are extraordinarily safe, skid-proof and pleasant vehicles to ride. The old "pop and rattle" bog-wheel has given place to smooth and silent machines, some even boasting four-cylinder engines.

### Black-out Motoring.

After spending hours blacking

## PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

out the lighting systems of my own and friends' cars, which owing to the frequent alteration to the regulations, gave me the most intimate acquaintance with the innards of the various products of the great house of Lucas, I set out one night with a couple

of Air Wardens to spy on our neighbours' too brightly-lighted houses. Although it was a semi-moonlight night our progress was no faster than that of a pram-pushing nursemaid devouring her swain's latest love letter. In other words we'd have done far better to walk, quite apart from the fact that we were in constant danger of running off the road. With that experience to go on we were amazed to hear of other motorists who professed to be able to travel at 40 m.p.h. We shall have to look at their lights.

### On Being Efficient.

There is one thing that motorists can do now to benefit not only themselves but also the nation. And that is to get their cars into perfect running order. None of us know when a car may not be needed instantly and at a vital time. At the moment of writing one hears of girl volunteer drivers manning cars, lorries and vans which are anything but mechanically O.K. Starters won't function, brakes are indifferent and controls sloppy. So it's up to every owner to get these things put right. In a short time the skilled garage labour to adjust electrical and mechanical gear may not be available, and a car that won't start and only runs erratically is no good to any one. It seems sane therefore, to have batteries recharged, tyres teed up or renewed, brakes adjusted and water circulation checked. Cars should be kept fully charged with fuel, oil and water and the quick starting of engines should be ensured before anything.

Even if a car is to be laid up these precautions are worthwhile. Sooner or later there may be a shortage of cars as there was at and after the close of the last war. Then any car that would go at all fetched a high price, while those that had been kept carefully proved a gold mine to their owners. So the thing to do now, while the necessary labour and spares are still available at a reasonable cost, is to recondition the car with all haste.



THE PEMBROKESHIRE YEOMANRY'S  
UNIQUE BATTLE HONOUR

Truman Howell

The action which "Fishguard" commemorates was the last one fought against a foreign invader on British soil. This was against the French troops which landed at Fishguard in 1797, and were successfully engaged by the Yeomen of Pembrokehire under Lord Cawdor. The Pembrokehire are now the 7th Medium Regiment, R.A.



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## Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 530)

All the same, knowing all that, I still went away, happy for the first time since the war started, encouraged to do better next time. I feel there is a moral there for so many departmental chiefs at this moment. Don't you agree?

Don't you agree, too, that inevitably propaganda, however much one may dislike the actual word, is going to play even a more vital part in the winning of this war than it did in the last? For one reason, the organization concerned has got going much more swiftly and no matter what awfulness the future may have in store for us, I shall always hold that it was an inspired gesture on our part to start off dropping leaflets rather than bombs upon those who are only our enemies at this moment because they have allowed themselves to be duped and misled by a leader who has been called too many names in the past few days for there to be any need to add my own to the collection.

And, personally, I hope we shall persevere with these peaceful bombing incursions into Germany, at any rate for the present, despite the ejaculations you hear from time to time, usually proceeding from the mouths of middle-aged spinsters, whose belligerency increases hourly as the immunity from raids continues. Such ejaculations as—leaflets, indeed, the only language they can understand is bombs! One almost longs for an air raid warning to sound at that moment, to see them scuttling for shelter. At least, that high, whinnying sound is preferable to their garrulous, uninformed gassing-away.

But there is one kind of gossip that I really do enjoy these days. The chances one has to talk with men and women, who, because of the present state of emergency, find themselves incongruously cooped up together. All these different cross sections of life, merging now, rubbing off each other's corners, getting to understand each other's point of view. Surely it must make a difference in the future? Lead to a better understanding all round, where social and class problems are concerned.

## Air Eddies—(Continued from page 520)

The fact is the English and Americans in their infantile, under-developed condition, have lost touch with the richer human relationships.

An interesting product of these two countries—and one testifying to this under-developed condition—is the college gawk and the loutish loon of long-drawn-out adolescence. All the same the air hostess can help air travel by making it more entertaining provided always that she is suited to the task.

## Rumour.

War time is rumour time as we have already learnt. A friend of mine is making a collection of the more amusing and fantastic aviation rumours, and as he is in the Royal Air Force he is in a good position to do so. I don't know whether the censors are permitted to censor censure passed upon them, but it does become increasingly clear that, even in war, censorship is fundamentally bad because fundamentally inefficient. It was astonishing the way, during that attempted air raid off the east coast, rumour ran round the country and succeeded in getting a six-hour start over the first official announcement. Fortunately it was of no importance, but it was a lesson of the dangers of censorship. Any official statement would have been better than some of the rumours that I heard.

## Songs.

Aviation has no songs because singing does not go with the machine as it does with marching. In fact, the more one sees of the Royal Air Force under active service conditions, the more one realizes that it embodies a new kind of *esprit de corps*. It is a quite different sort of thing from that we find in the infantry and different again from what we find in the Navy, yet it is extraordinarily firm and bright. Above all things in this war one wants to avoid being over-confident. "In matters of defence 'tis best to weigh the enemy more mighty than he seems." Those are good words, but I have a feeling that the air arm is going to distinguish itself when the moment for the supreme trial comes in a manner beyond the expectations of even its greatest admirers.

## Private Pilots.

Private aeroplane pilots are mostly busy by now on some kind of work of national importance. And the way they responded—including some far beyond the age when they could take any prominent part in the fighting services—was a tribute to the sense of responsibility shared by everybody in flying. The newest pilots and the oldest—ones just trained and ones who served through the war of 1914—have come forward and are working together to build up the national effort. And a final word of praise to those new pilots, among whom were some of those who took part in the magnificent Kiel raid. Mr. Chamberlain's praise will be echoed by everybody. It was indeed a gallant effort and a foretaste of the spirit and determination of the Royal Air Force.





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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## Marrying Abroad Next Month.

On October 17, Mr. I. A. Forbes Craig will marry Miss Suzanne Elizabeth Dodsworth at St. John's Church, Calcutta, and another October wedding is that of Mr. R. D. Wedd and Miss Delga Reiss, which will take place in Ceylon.

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. D. C. Moore-Brabazon, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P. and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon, and Henriette Mary Krabbe, elder daughter of Sir Rowland and Lady Clegg of Llanidan Hall, Anglesey; Mr. W. D. Keown-Boyd, 60th Rifles, son of Sir Alexander Keown-Boyd, K.B.E., C.M.G., Pontifical Court, Herefordshire,

of the late Mr. Laurence Harrison and Mrs. Harrison of Oakwood Court, Kensington, W.14; Mr. F. Robb, son of the late Mr. John Robb and Mrs. Robb of Claremont, Capetown, and Noel, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. B. W. Barrow of Tripp Hill House, Fittleworth, Sussex; Mr. J. G. C. Gore Browne, elder son of Colonel Eric Gore Browne, D.S.O., A.D.C. and Mrs.

Gore Browne, of Glaston House, Uppingham, Rutland, and Pamela, only daughter of Captain C. Noel Newton, M.C., and Mrs. Noel Newton of The Lodge, Oakham, Rutland; Mr. G. V. Rouse, younger son of Sir Alexander and Lady Rouse, of Aubrey House, Riverside, Twickenham, and Margaret, elder daughter of Major A. Block, D.S.O., and Mrs. Block of Underberg, Natal; Mr. H. C. R. Gillman, Royal Artillery, only son of the late General Sir Webb-Gillman, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., and of Lady Gillman of The Manor House, Bampton, Oxfordshire, and Catherine Stuart, younger daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Mathew Holmes, of Wellington, New Zealand and of Mrs. Mathew Holmes, Burnsall Street, S.W.3; Mr. H. W. Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, of Taunton, Somerset, and Lilian Rosemary, daughter of General Sir Walter and Lady Kirke; Mr. F. H. V. Keighley, elder son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel V. Keighley, D.S.O., M.V.O., 19th K.G.O. Lancers, and Mrs. Keighley of Redesdale, Cheltenham, and Brigit Margaret, only daughter of the late Captain K. Forbes Robertson, Rifle Brigade, and Lady Dunlop.



Miss Helen Baring  
Hay Wrightson

The eldest daughter of the late Brigadier-General the Hon. Everard Baring and the late Lady Ulrica Baring, who is engaged to Major G. B. Foster, Leysthorpe, Oswaldkirk. Miss Baring's country home is Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire

and Zamalek, Cairo, and of the late Mrs. Keown-Boyd, and Anne, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Macpherson Grant, Ascot Gate, Ascot; Mr. J. A. King, younger son of Sir John W. King, Bt. and Lady King, and Ruby, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson-Clark, of Tichhill Castle, Yorkshire; Lieutenant G. W. Vavasour, R.N., only son of Sir Leonard Vavasour, Bt., and Lady Vavasour of Alverstoke, Hampshire, and Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Robb of Rowlands Castle, Hampshire; Mr. O. H. Bonham-Carter, eldest son of General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., of The Palace, Malta, and Joan, eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. J. Moggridge and Mrs. Moggridge; Mr. B. E. Rickett, second son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. A. Norman Rickett, of Kingswood Manor, Lower Kingswood, Surrey, and Diana Elizabeth, younger daughter



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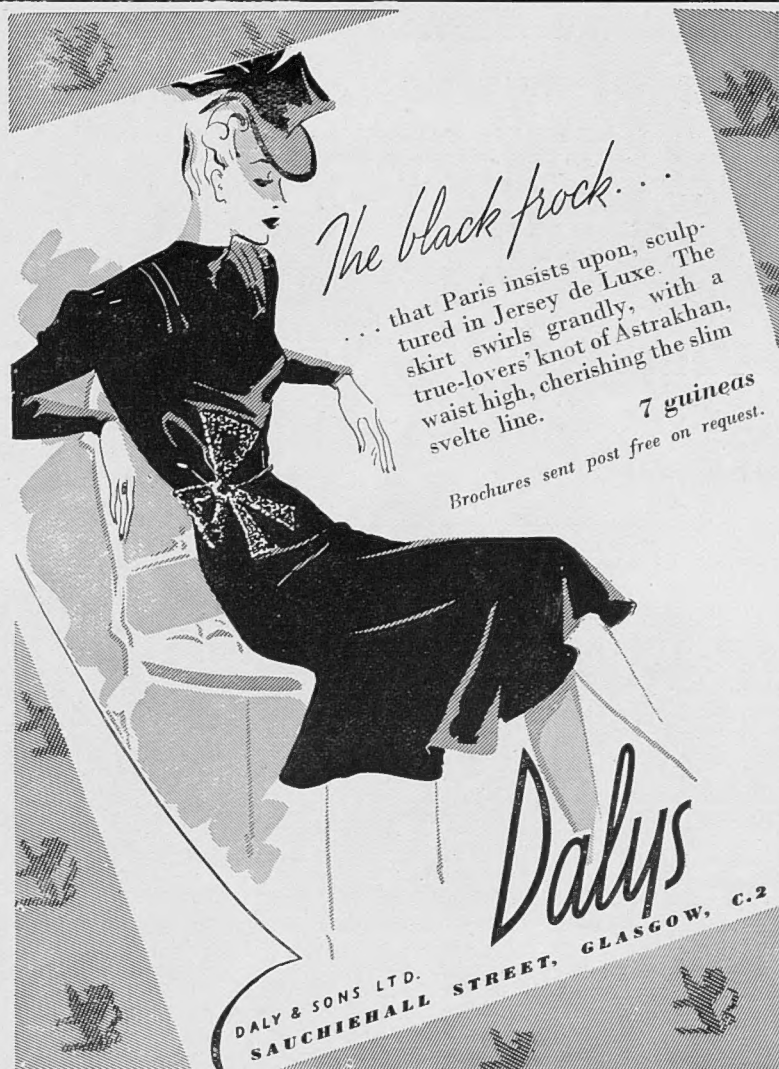
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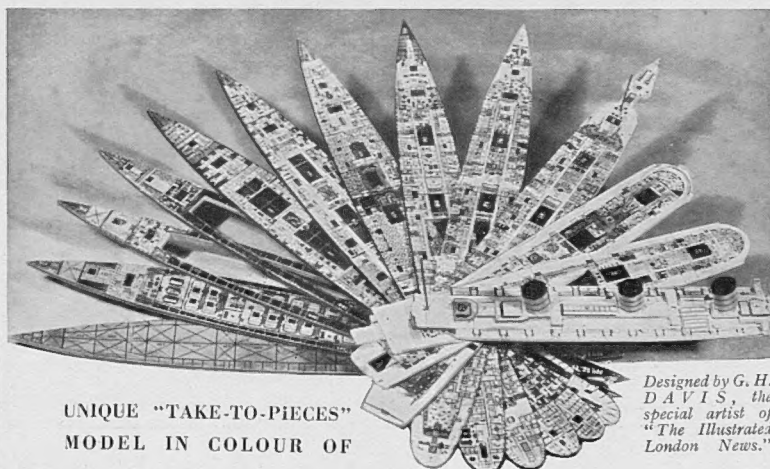


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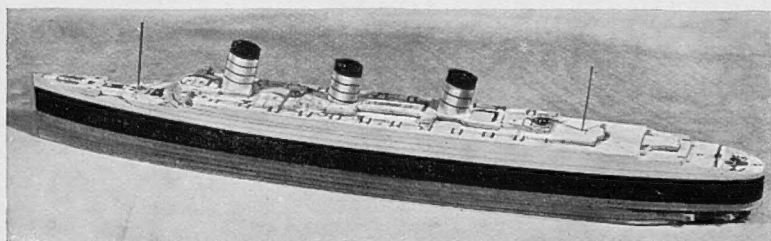
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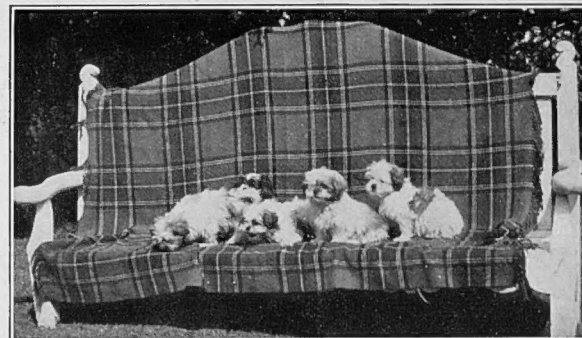
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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

So the blow has fallen and we are up against it! In times of great stress and anxiety it is a mental relief to read and think about sane and pleasant things. I hope in these notes, with the permission of the Editor, to continue to treat of dogs and

to whether his original home was France, Germany or Prussia, anyway, he is an old breed, well known in the sixteenth century. He is distinguished from all other breeds by the way he is barbered; no other dog is turned out in such an elaborate way. No one knows when and why the custom originated, but it is an old one. Also he is famed for his brains, as can be seen in troops of performing dogs, most of which have Poodle blood in them. Poodles know their own cleverness, and do obedience tests and tricks with the greatest gusto. Also they are extremely handsome dogs, specially good



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Property of Mrs. Harold Eaden



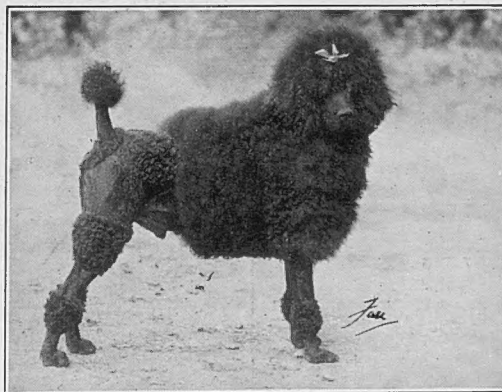
GORDON SETTERS

Property of Mrs. Hervey Bathurst

their doings, so that one can think of happy times past and look forward to happy times to come. Any way, I am sure our dogs will be a help and consolation! All breeding of course will stop, and all shows, but I believe there is sufficient food suitable only for dogs to last for a long time. As I have said several times lately if fewer dogs are bred it will be a good thing. Far too many indifferent dogs have been bred lately for the good of the breeds.

Shooting over dogs is becoming yearly more popular. It is one of the greatest of sports, as it is usually carried on in the most delightful surroundings, and there is no finer and more interesting sight than watching a well-trained brace of Pointers or Setters galloping over a moor. The apparently complete ease with which they gallop over broken ground which is difficult to walk over is always a marvel to me. Mrs. Hervey Bathurst has a very good kennel of Gordon Setters, they are all trained by Major Bathurst and are all good workers as they should be, being descended from dogs owned by Mrs. Bathurst's father, Mr. Baxendale, thirty years ago. She also has Springer Spaniels, Golden Retrievers, and Cairns. Gordon Setters have come very much to the fore lately, in the recent trials they did well. They are handsome dogs. The photograph is of a group of workers on the moor at Airdries.

The Poodle is an old breed. People differ as



POODLE

Property of Mrs. Ionides

to whether his original home was France, Germany or Prussia, anyway, he is an old breed, well known in the sixteenth century. He is distinguished from all other breeds by the way he is barbered; no other dog is turned out in such an elaborate way. No one knows when and why the custom originated, but it is an old one. Also he is famed for his brains, as can be seen in troops of performing dogs, most of which have Poodle blood in them. Poodles know their own cleverness, and do obedience tests and tricks with the greatest gusto. Also they are extremely handsome dogs, specially good

moovers. Mrs. Ionides has a large kennel of Poodles and has done well. The photograph is of her newly-imported dog, Vulcan Baik de Pladsoe. Mrs. Ionides has also a kennel of Griffons, so she goes in for brainy dogs.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

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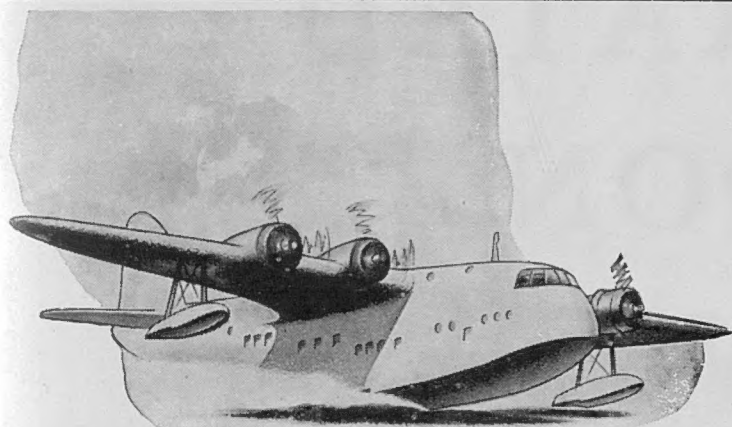
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